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The Hymnal.

Pray for the Unity of Christ's Church.

A Prayer for Social Justice.

O LORD GOD arise, for the spoiling of the poor, for the sighing of the needy; for Thou respectest not the persons of princes nor regardest the rich more than the poor. Give justice to the afflicted and destitute, rescue the weak, and may Thy kingdom come on earth, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Evangelical Catholic Church,

Cowley S. John.

Oxford, 1892 & 1908.

The compilers acknowledge with thanks the permission to use hymns, willingly given by the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, the Rev. Fr. Ignatius for hymns from the Llanthony Monastery Hymn Book; Messrs. McMillan & Co., for words by Lord Tennyson, and Messrs. Burns & Oates, Ltd., for hymns by the late Rev. F. W. Faber. The help of many personal friends has already been gratefully acknowledged. The compilers have had much trouble in trying to avoid infringement of copyright; where they have unwittingly transgressed in this particular they offer apologies, feeling sure that all composers of hymns would re-echo the truly Christian words of Dr. Horatius Bonar who, writing of his own hymns, once said, "I consider them not as my property, but the property of the Church of God."

A tune in Hymns Ancient and Modern has been selected for nearly every hymn, and the number of it (in small figures) placed to the right of the hymn.

Other references are as follows:—

- B. Bristol Tune Book.
- C.H. Church Hymns with Tunes.
- H. & C. S. Hymns and Choral Songs with Carols
(M.D.S.S.A.)
- S. S. & S. Sacred Songs and Solos.
- E. H. Essex Hall Hymn and Tune Book.
- † Writer Unitarian.
- * Altered.

WHITSUNTIDE, 1892.

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MORNING.

1 *Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord God the Almighty.*

160.

*Holy, Holy, Holy ! LORD GOD Almighty !

Early in the morning our song shall rise to
Thee ;

Holy, Holy, Holy ! Merciful and Mighty ;
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy, all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea ;

Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before
Thee,

Fill with Thy glory, LORD, eternity.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness
hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
may not see,

Only Thou art holy, there is none beside
Thee

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! LORD GOD Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in
earth and sky and sea :

Holy, Holy, Holy ! Merciful and Mighty !
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

Amen.

2

I myself will awake right early.

3.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake, and lift up thyself my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.

LORD, I my vows to Thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Glory to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept :
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake. Amen.

3

His compassions fail not : they are new every morning.

4.

O timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new !

New every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove ;
 Through sleep and darkness safely
 brought,
 Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies each returning day
 Hover around us while we pray ;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of
 heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still of countless price,
 God will provide for sacrifice.

Old tasks, old scenes will lovelier be,
 As more of heaven in each we see :
 Some softening gleam of love and
 prayer
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.
 Amen.

4

Quicken me, O Lord !

425, 24 (3).

As for some dear familiar strain,
 Untired, we ask, and ask again,
 Ever, in its melodious store,
 Finding a spell unheard before :—
 Such is the bliss of souls serene,
 When they have vowed, and steadfast
 mean,
 Counting the cost, in all to espy
 Their God, in all themselves deny.

O could we learn that sacrifice,
 What lights would all around us rise !
 How would our hearts with wisdom talk
 Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
 Our neighbour and our work farewell,
 Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
 For sinful man beneath the sky :

The trivial round, the common task,
 Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
 Room to deny ourselves ; a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O LORD, in Thy dear love
 Fit us for perfect rest above ;
 And help us, this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

5 *Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks
 to God the Father through Him.*

6.

*At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay
 God's own gift of this new day ;
 Doubt of what it holds in store
 Makes us crave Thine aid the more ;
 Lest it prove a time of loss,
 Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross.

If it flow on calm and bright,
 Be Thyself our chief delight ;
 If it bring unknown distress,
 Good is all that Thou canst bless :
 Only, while its hours begin,
 Pray we,—keep them clear of sin.

We in part our weakness know,
 And in part discern our foe ;
 Well for us, before Thine eyes
 All our danger open lies ;
 Turn not from us, while we plead
 Thy compassions and our need.
 Fain would we Thy word embrace,
 Live each moment on Thy grace,
 All ourselves to Thee consign,
 Fold up all our wills in Thine,
 Think, and speak, and do, and be
 Simply that which pleases Thee! Amen

6 *I have set the Lord always before me ; because He is
 at my right hand I shall not be moved.*

8.

Forth in Thy Name, O LORD, I go,
 My daily labour to pursue,
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
 In all I think, or speak, or do.
 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
 O let me cheerfully fulfil :
 In all my works Thy presence find,
 And prove Thy good and perfect will.
 Thee may I set at my right hand,
 Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
 And labour on at Thy command,
 And offer all my works to Thee.
 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
 And every moment watch and pray,
 And still to things eternal look,
 And hasten to Thy glorious day ;

For Thee delightfully employ
 Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
 And run my course with even joy,
 And closely walk with Thee to heaven.
 Amen.

7 *Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of
 Righteousness arise.*

Christ, Whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night;
 Dayspring from on high, be near;
 Daystar, in my heart appear.

7.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
 Unaccompanied by Thee;
 Joyless is the day's return
 Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
 Till they inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
 Scatter all my unbelief:
 More and more Thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

EVENING.

8 *Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings.*

23.

*Glory to Thee, my GOD ! this night,
For all the blessings of the light !
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings !
Under Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, ere its course hath run,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

O let my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To work Thy will when I awake.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.

Praise GOD from whom all blessings
flow :

Praise Him all creatures here below !
Praise Him ye heavenly hosts above !
Praise Him my soul ! for all His love.

Amen.

9 *The Lord shall be thine everlasting light.*

19.

*The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store ;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn,
Its glorious noon how quickly past ;
Lead us, through Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high ;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky ;

Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain ;

Where saints are clothed in spotless white
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art LORD of all. Amen.

10 *I have satisfied the weary soul.*

371.

Like tired children. LORD, we come,
We turn our wandering footsteps home ;
We scarce the narrow path can see ;
Our strength is spent—we come to Thee.

In busy life with cares oppressed
Longing and faint we seek for rest,
And find it when on bended knee,
For one brief hour we come to Thee.

Slowly with pain we onward move ;
Forsake us not, O LORD of love !
The dawn is nigh, the shadows flee ;
Father of Light, we come to Thee.

Amen.

11

Rest in the Lord !

350.

†Slowly, slowly darkening,
The evening hours roll on ;
And soon behind the cloudland,
Will sink the setting sun.

So, round my path, life's mysteries,
Their deepening shadows throw ;
And, as I gaze and ponder,
They dark and darker grow.

Yet still amid the darkness,
I feel the Light is near ;
And, in the awful silence,
GOD'S voice I seem to hear.

His voice I hear above me,
It says,—Wait, Trust, and Pray,
The night will soon be over,
And light will come with day.

FATHER! the light and darkness
Are both alike to Thee;
Then to Thy waiting servant
Alike they both shall be.

To Thee I yield my spirit,
On Thee I lay my load;
Fear ends with death: beyond it
I nothing see but God.

Thus, moving towards the darkness,
I calmly wait His call:
Thee seeing, fearing nothing,
But hoping, trusting all. Amen.

12 *And all the angels were standing round about the throne . . . and worshipped God.*

30.

Our day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

Around the Throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
But O, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

Yet, LORD, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend. Amen.

13 *God . . . fainteth not, neither is weary.*

109.

*Holiest ! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly ;
Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He, Who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom! Amen.

14 *Let my prayer be set forth as incense before Thee.*
634, H. & C. S. 75.

On the dewy breath of even
Thousand odours mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven,
Nature's evening sacrifice.

With her balmy offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgivings be
To Thy throne, O LORD, ascending,
Incense of our hearts to Thee.

Thou, Whose favours without number
All our days with gladness bless;
Let Thine eye, that knows not slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

Then, though conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath a FATHER's keeping,
Calm we rest in placid faith.

LORD! when life is closing round us,
Dark with anguish, faint with fear,
Let Thy beams of love surround us,
Let us know Thee, feel Thee near. Amen.

15 *The lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.*

17

The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the Cross
His head inclined,
And to His FATHER's hands
His parting soul resigned,

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live.

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live, yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me. Amen.

16

At evening time there shall be light.

22.

*Holy FATHER, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray ;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening time.

Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears ;
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening time.

Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie ;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

Holy, blessed Unity,
Darkness is not dark with Thee ;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening time. Amen.

17

Praise the Lord likewise at even.

79.

†Heavenly FATHER, by Whose care
Comes again this hour of prayer ;
In the evening stillness we
Grateful raise our hearts to Thee :
To our spirits, as we bend,
Peace and holy comfort send.

Gladly we Thy presence seek :
 FATHER ! to our spirits speak :
 Call us from the world away ;
 Still our passions' restless play ;
 On our inner darkness shine ;
 Bend our wayward wills to Thine.

In this quiet eventide
 May our souls with Thee abide,
 Own Thy presence feel Thy power,
 Through this consecrated hour :
 And from peaceful vesper prayer
 Purer, stronger spirits bear. Amen.

18 *The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of
 God and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all.*

61.

†Again o'er land and sea,
 Again o'er field and town,
 The gathering darkness of the night
 Comes softly down.
 Again we lay aside
 The burdens that we bear,
 And rest awhile beside the way
 From toil and care.

O grace of Christ the LORD,
 O love of GOD most high,
 O Holy Spirit's fellowship
 Be ever nigh !

Our days go swiftly by
As in life's path we move,
And oft the way is lit with joy
And hope and love :
But oft the shadows fall,
And oft through pain and woe,
All faint and weary, tired and sad,
We onward go.
Before us as we tread
The distant country lies,
Where GOD our FATHER calls us home
To paradise.
And thither Christ the Lord
Doth lead us day by day,
The Holy Spirit comfort gives
Upon the way.
And when our journey ends,
When life's last day is done,
When shadows fall around our path
And sinks the sun,
May we lie calmly down
Nor fear the gathering night,
And wake again, at dawn of day,
To heavenly light. Amen.

19 *When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid.*

346.

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

FATHER give the weary
Calm and sweet repose !
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee :
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes. Amen.

20*At evening time there shall be light.*

450.

As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.

C

FATHER in heaven to Thee are known,
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our joyfulness and tears.

We pray thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here,
And in our secret heart we name,
The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
For loved ones gone to be with Thee,
We pray Thee God of love.

We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
And at Thy footstool lay,
And FATHER, Thou who lovest all,
Wilt hear us as we pray. Amen.

21

The Lord is my light.

353 (2).

†Again, as evening's shadow falls
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

O God, our light ! to Thee we bow ;
 Within all shadows standest Thou :
 Give deeper calm than night can bring,
 Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again ;
 We cannot at the shrine remain ;
 But in the spirits secret cell
 May hymn and pray for ever dwell.

Amen.

22

The only God our Saviour.

31.

SAVIOUR again to Thy dear name we raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
 We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way,
 With Thee began, with Thee shall end the
 day,

Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts
 from shame,

That in this house have called upon Thy
 name.

Grant us Thy peace, LORD, through the
 coming night,

Turn Thou for us its darkness into light,
 From harm and danger keep Thy children
 free,

For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly
life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then when Thy voice shall bid our conflict
cease,
Call us, O LORD, to Thine eternal peace.
Amen.

23

All hail !

65.

*Ave Jesu ! ere we part,
Speak Thy blessing to each heart ;
Ave Jesu ! Saviour blest,
Breathe Thy peace through every breast.

When, this night, our eyelids close,
Let us in Thine arms repose ;
Ave Jesu ! Son of GOD
Chasten with Thy gentle rod.

Ave Jesu ! Saviour dear,
Through the darkness be Thou near ;
Ave Jesu ! light divine,
Let Thy presence round us shine.

By our couch Thy station keep,
Guard from evil while we sleep :
Ave Jesu ! Saviour bright,
Guide us safe to realms of light. Amen.

24

Abide with us.

24 (3).

Sun of my soul. Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night, if Thou be near,
O may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My wearied eyelids gently steep;
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor,
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Amen.

25

I am the Light of the world.

28 (2)

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
 Thy word into our minds instil,
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day and death's dark
 night,
 O gentle Jesus, be our light !

The day is done, its hours have run,
 And Thou hast taken count of all,
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow the frequent fall.
 Through life's long day, &c.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
 True absolution and release ;
 And bless us, more than in past days,
 With purity and inward peace.
 Through life's long day, &c.

Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
 Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
 And loving hearts without alloy
 That only long to be like Thee.
 Through life's long day, &c.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad :
 Thou art our Jesus, and our all.
 Through life's long day, &c. Amen.

26 *And at even when the sun did set they brought unto
Him all that were diseased.* 20.

At even, ere the sun was set

The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay :

O in what divers pains they met !

O with what joy they went away !

Once more 'tis eventide, and we

Oppressed with various ills, draw near ;

What if Thy form we cannot see ?

We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ ! our woes dispel ;

For some are sick, and some are sad,

And some have never loved Thee well,

And some have lost the love they had.

And some are pressed with worldly care,

And some are tried with sinful doubt ;

And some such grievous passions tear,

That only Thou canst cast them out.

And some have found the world is vain,

Yet from the world they break not free :

And some have friends who give them pain

Yet have not sought a friend in Thee ;

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,

For none are wholly free from sin ;

And they, who fain would serve Thee best,

Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ ! Thou too art Man ;

Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;

Thy kind but searching glance can scan

The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
 No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;
 Hear in this solemn evening hour,
 And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

27 *Abide with us ; for it is toward evening and the day
 is now far spent.* 27 (1).

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide ;
 The darkness deepens ; Lord with me abide ;
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day,
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
 Change and decay in all around I see
 O, Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour,
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
 power ?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
 with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
 Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy
 victory ?
 I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to
 the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain
 shadows flee;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!
 Amen.

ADVENT.

28 *He hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to
 proclaim liberty to the captives.*

53.

Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes
 The Saviour promised long;
 Let every heart prepare a throne
 And every voice a song.

He comes the prisoner to release
 In satan's bondage held;
 The gates of brass before Him burst;
 The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of woe
 To clear the mental ray;
 And on the eyelids of the blind
 To pour celestial day.

He comes the broken heart to bind
 The bleeding soul to care;
 And with the treasures of His grace
 Enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved Name. Amen.

29

A Redeemer shall come to Zion.

49.

O come, O come, Emmanuel,
 And ransom captive Israel,
 That mourns in lonely exile here,
 Until the Son of God appear.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
 Thine own from satan's tyranny ;
 From depths of hell Thy people save,
 And give them victory o'er the grave.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer
 Our spirits by Thine advent here ;
 Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
 And death's dark shadows put to flight.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Key of David, come,
 And open wide our heavenly home ;
 Make safe the way that leads on high,
 And close the path to misery.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel. Amen.

30

His Name shall endure for ever.

219.

Hail to the LORD's anointed,
 Great David's greater Son !
 Hail in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
 And joy and hope, like flowers,
 Spring in His path to birth.
 Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go ;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.
 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on His throne shall rest ;
 From age to age more glorious,
 All blessing and all blessed :
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove ;
 His Name shall stand for ever,
 His changeless Name of love. Amen.

31

Arise, shine, for thy light is come.

526 (repeating last two lines).

The Lord is come ! on Syrian soil
 The child of poverty and toil ;
 The Man of Sorrows, born to know
 Each varying shade of human woe :

His joy, His glory, to fulfil
In earth and heaven, His FATHER's will :
On lonely mount, by festive board,
On bitter Cross, despised, adored.

The Lord is come ! dull hearts to wake ;
He speaks as never man yet spake,
The truth which makes His servants free,
The royal law of liberty.
Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
His living words our spirits stay,
And from His treasures, new and old,
The eternal mysteries unfold.

The Lord is come ! In Him we trace
The fulness of God's truth and grace ;
Throughout those words and acts divine
Gleams of the Eternal Splendour shine ;
And from His inmost spirit flow,
As from a height of sunlit snow,
The rivers of perennial life
To heal and sweeten nature's strife.

The Lord is come ! in every heart
Where truth and mercy claim a part ;
In every land where right is might,
And deeds of darkness shun the light ;
In every Church where faith and love
Lift earthward thoughts to things above ;
In every holy, happy home
We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast come.
Amen.

32

There was the true Light.

235

†Light of the world! come, shine upon our eyes,
 On the dense darkness shed Thy heavenly
 ray;

Rise, radiant Sun! in all thy glory rise!
 Turning the gloomy night to cloudless day.

Healer of hearts! O come to us in grace,
 Dwell in our midst, Thy blessing on us
 shed;

Look with compassion in Thy loving face,
 Lay Thou Thy hand upon each weary
 head.

King of our spirits! come and o'er us reign,
 Drive forth the foes that now usurp Thy
 throne;

Thy rule extend o'er ocean, hill, and plain,
 Till all mankind Thy peaceful sway shall
 own.

Word of the FATHER! come our souls to cheer,
 Humbly we listen, Lord, for Thy dear
 voice.

Speak, blessed Saviour, speak, Thee would
 we hear,

Bidding the fallen rise, the sad rejoice.

Come, then, O Jesu! Leader, Lord and
 Friend,

Point Thou the way unto the heavenly
 shore;

Be Thou our Guide unto the journey's end,
 There may we dwell with Thee for ever-
 more. Amen.

CHRISTMAS.

33

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.

59.

*O come, all ye faithful,
 Joyful and triumphant,
 O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
 Come and behold Him
 Born, the King of angels;
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come, let us adore Him,
 O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Son of the FATHER,
 Light from Light Eternal,
 Lo! He abhors not our low estate;
 Son of the FATHER,
 Way of life eternal,
 O come let us adore Him, &c.

Sing, choir of angels,
 Sing now Alleluia;
 Sing all ye citizens of heaven above!
 Glory to God,
 Glory in the highest;
 O come let us adore Him, &c.

Hail blessed Saviour,
 Born this happy morning!
 Jesus, to Thee be praise and glory given;
 Word of the FATHER,
 Now in flesh appearing,
 O come let us adore Him, &c. Amen.

34 *There is born to you this day . . . a Saviour.* 61.

*Christians, awake ! salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born.
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above ;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God's great glory and of Mary's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told.
Who heard the angelic herald's voice,
" Behold !

I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth.
This day hath God fulfilled His promised
word ;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake, and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy unknown before, conspire :
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang,
God's highest glory was their anthem still ;
Peace upon earth and unto men good-will.

To Bethlehem straight the enlightened
shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for
man ;
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn.
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim—
The first apostles of the Saviour's name.

O may we hope the angelic hosts among,
 To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song :
 He that was born upon this joyful day
 Around us all His glory shall display :
 Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing
 Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.
Amen.

35 *Let all the angels of God worship Him.*

60.

Hark, how all the welkin rings
 Glory to the King of kings ;
 Peace on earth and mercy mild
 Heaven and earth be reconciled.
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hark, how all the welkin rings,
 Glory to the King of kings.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!
 Hail, the Sun of righteousness !
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Gracious bond of earth and sky,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

Hark how all the welkin rings,
 Glory to the King of kings. Amen.

36

Bethlehem of Judæa.

H. & C. S. (C. 23) Boston S. S. Tune Book.

O, little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O, morning stars! together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the KING,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O, Holy Child of Bethlehem !
 Descend to us, we pray ;
 Cast out our sins and enter in,
 Be born in us to-day !
 We hear the Christmas angels
 The great glad tidings tell ;
 O come to us, abide with us,
 Our Lord Emmanuel. Amen.

37 *There were shepherds. . . abiding in the field.*

62.

While shepherds watched their flocks by
 night,
 All seated on the ground,
 The angel of the LORD came down,
 And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he, for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind,
 “Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 To you and all mankind.”

“To you in David’s town to-day
 Is born of David’s line
 A Saviour who is Christ the Lord ;
 And this shall be the sign—

“The heavenly Babe you there shall
 find
 To human view displayed.
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
 And in a manger laid,”

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song—

“ All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.” Amen.

38

I heard a voice of many angels.

369, C. H. 82.

† It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
“ Peace on the earth, goodwill to men
From heaven’s all-gracious King ! ”
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O’er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long :
Beneath the angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring :
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. Amen.

39

On earth peace among men.

234.

O lovely voices of the sky,
That hymned the Saviour's birth,
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang, " Peace on Earth " ?
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith in days gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky !

O clear and shining light, whose beams
 That hour heaven's glory shed
 Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
 And on the shepherds' head!
 Be near, through life and death,
 As in that holiest night
 Of hope, and joy, and faith,
 O clear and shining light!

O star which led to Him, Whose love
 Brought man's salvation free,
 Where art thou?—'Midst the host above
 May we still gaze on thee!
 In heaven thou art not set,
 Thy rays earth might not dim:
 Send them to guide us yet,
 O star which led to Him! Amen.

40 *And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude
 of the heavenly host.*

300 (2).

† Calm on the listening ear of night
 Come heaven's melodious strains,
 Where wild Judæa stretches far
 Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs from courts above
 Shed sacred glories there;
 And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
 Make music in the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
 Send back the glad reply ;
 And greet, from all their holy heights,
 The Day-spring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
 There comes a holier calm ;
 And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
 Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to GOD !" the sounding skies
 Loud with their anthems ring,
 "Peace to the earth ! goodwill to men,
 From heaven's eternal KING !"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
 The Saviour now is born !
 And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
 Breaks the first Christmas morn.

Amen.

41 *Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given !*

381, 134.

Thank we now the LORD of heaven,
 For the Saviour He hath given,
 For the light of truth and grace,
 Shining from the Master's face.

Sunk in deepest night of wrong,
 Weary earth had waited long ;
 Mortals, heedless where they trod,
 Wandered wide from home and God.

Unto us a Child was born,
 Herald of a brighter morn ;
 Unto us a Son was given,
 Leading weary souls to heaven !
 Years have come, and years have gone,
 Still that Light is shining on ;
 Still that Holy Child is born
 Every blessed Christmas morn.
 Still His words of truth and grace
 In a holier world we trace :
 When our hearts to love are stirred,
 Still the angels' song is heard.
 " Glory be to God on high,"
 Sing, ye angels, from the sky ;
 Mortals raise the glad refrain,
 " Peace on earth, goodwill to men !"
 Amen.

42 *Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which
 shall be to all the people.*

305, first two lines repeat at end.

† Come ye little children,
 Lift your hearts in praise ;
 Welcome the glad Christmas,
 Happiest of days :
 Tell ye forth the story
 Of this blessed morn
 When our Holy Master,
 Jesus Christ, was born.
 Come ye little children,
 Lift your hearts in praise ;
 Welcome the glad Christmas,
 Happiest of days.

Come ye youths and maidens,
Ye who bear His sign ;
Lift the Cross and follow
In the path divine :
None so well can lead you
In that path as He ;
Follow as brave soldiers,
None but cowards flee.
Come ye youths and maidens,
Let your anthems ring :
“ Christ was born to lead us,
Born to be our King.”

Come with all your failings,
Ye who in life's fray,
Long have had to struggle
For the better way :
Gained ye not your victories
In the Saviour's might ?
When ye went unaided
Lost ye not the fight ?
Come, then, pay your tribute,
Bring your festal lay,
And, with herald angels,
Greet this Christmas day.

Come ye little children
Bring your eager song ;
Come ye youths and maidens
Who to Christ belong ;
Come ye all His people,
Whereso'er ye dwell,

And the glorious tidings
 To all nations tell:
 Tell ye forth the story
 Of this blessed morn
 When our Holy Master,
 Jesus Christ was born. Amen.

43

Glory to God in the highest.

Children's Hymn Book, 420.

When Christ was born of Mary free,
 In Bethlehem that fair citie,
 Angels sang there with mirth and glee,
 "In excelsis gloria."

In excelsis gloria,
 In excelsis gloria,
 In excelsis gloria,
 In excelsis gloria.

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
 To them appearing with great light,
 Who said "God's Son is born to-night,
 In excelsis gloria."

The King is come to save mankind,
 As in the Scripture truths we find,
 Therefore this song we have in mind,
 "In excelsis gloria."

Then, dear LORD, for Thy great grace,
 Grant us in bliss to see Thy face,
 That we may sing to Thy solace,
 "In excelsis gloria." Amen.

NEW YEAR.

44 *One generation goeth, and another generation cometh.*

35, E. H. 28.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky;
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go:
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more:
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man, and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be. Amen.

45

Trust in the Lord !

305, chorus repeat first lines, H. & C. S. Hermas

Standing at the portal
Of the opening year,
Words of comfort meet us
Hushing every fear,
Spoken through the silence
By our FATHER's voice,
Tender, strong, and faithful,
Making us rejoice.
Onward then, and fear not,
Children of the day !
For His word shall never,
Never pass away.

I, the LORD, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid !
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed ;
Yea, I will uphold thee
With My own right hand ;
Thou art called and chosen
In my sight to stand.
Onward then, &c.

For the year before us,
O what rich supplies !
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise ;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound ;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.
Onward then, &c.

He will never fail us,
He will not forsake ;
His eternal covenant
He will never break ;
Resting on His promise
What have we to fear ?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year !
Onward then, &c. Amen.

EPIPHANY.

46

The Image of the invisible God.

81.

* Songs of thankfulness and praise,
Jesus, Lord, through Thee we raise,
Manifested by the star
To the sages from afar ;
Branch of royal David's stem
In Thy birth at Bethlehem ;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.

Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme ;
And at Cana wedding-guest
In Thy glory manifest ;
Manifest in power divine,
Changing water into wine ;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.

Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul ;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all of evil's might ;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill ;
Anthems be to Thee address,
God in Man made manifest.

Grant us grace to see Thee, LORD,
 Mirrored in Thy Holy Word ;
 May we imitate Thee now,
 And be pure, as pure art Thou ;
 That we like to Thee may be
 At Thy great Epiphany ;
 And may praise Thee, ever blest,
 God in Man made manifest. Amen.

47 *A Light for revelation to the Gentiles.*

391.

From the eastern mountains,
 Pressing on they come,
 Wise men in their wisdom
 To His humble home ;
 Stirred by deep devotion,
 Hasting from afar,
 Ever journeying onward,
 Guided by a star.
 Light of Life that shineth
 Ere the worlds began,
 Draw Thou near and lighten
 Every heart of man.

There their Lord and Saviour
 Meek and lowly lay,
 Wondrous light that led them
 Onward on their way,
 Ever now to lighten
 Nations from afar,
 As they journey homeward
 By that guiding star.
 Light of Life, &c.

Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdom's reign,
Gather in the heathen
Who in lands afar,
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding star.
Light of Life, &c.

Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding star.
Light of Life, &c.

Until every nation
Whether bond or free,
'Neath Thy star-lit banner,
Jesu, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains,
To that heavenly home
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
Light of Life, &c. Amen

LENT.

48 *And Jesus . . . was led by the Spirit in the wilderness.*

92.

Forty days and forty nights
 Thou wast fasting in the wild ;
 Forty days and forty nights
 Tempted, and yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching all the day ;
 Chilly dew-drops nightly shed ;
 Prowling beasts about Thy way ;
 Stones Thy pillow, earth Thy bed.

Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
 And from earthly joys abstain,
 Fasting with unceasing prayer,
 Glad with Thee to suffer pain ?

And if satan, vexing sore,
 Flesh or spirit should assail,
 Thou, his vanquisher before,
 Grant we may not faint nor fail.

So shall we have peace divine,
 Holier gladness ours shall be ;
 Round us too shall angels shine,
 Such as ministered to Thee.

Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
 Ever constant by Thy side ;
 That with Thee we may appear
 At the eternal Eastertide. Amen.

49

He went out and wept bitterly.

253

* O Jesus Christ, if aught there be
That, more than all beside,
In ever-painful memory
Must in my heart abide,

It is that deep ingratitude
Which I to Thee have shown,
Who died for me upon the cross,
In agony unknown.

Alas, how with my actions all
Has this defect entwined ;
How has it poisoned with its gall
My spirit, heart, and mind !

Alas, through this, how many a gem
I've rudely cast away,
That might have formed my diadem
In everlasting day !

Yet though the time be past and gone,
Though little more remains,
Though nought is all that can be done,
E'en with my utmost pains ;

Still will I strive, O Saviour mine,
To do what in me lies ;
For never did Thy glance divine
A contrite heart despise. Amen.

E

50 *The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.*

317.

O'er the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a Form of human kind;
And on His lone, unsheltered head
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks He not a home of rest?
Why seeks He not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,
He hath not where to lay His head.

Such was the lot He freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through His poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.
Amen.

PALM SUNDAY.

51 *Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord*
391, C. H. 480.

† Come with waving palm leaves,
Loud Hosannas sing,
Strew the way before Him,
Christ, your Lord and King !
Blessed He who cometh
In the FATHER's name !
Blessed He who lifts us
Out of sin and shame !
Come with waving palm leaves,
Loud Hosannas sing,
Strew the way before Him,
Christ, your Lord and King.

Come with waving palm leaves,
Cast your garments down,
Lead Him on in triumph
To the holy town !
Onward goes the Saviour,
Onward goes to die ;
On, to draw men to Him
Lifted up on high,
Come with, &c.

Come with waving palm leaves,
 He will rise again,
 Mighty and victorious
 O'er His own to reign,
 Death will droop before Him,
 Fear will still her cries,
 Sorrow, at His bidding,
 Lift her downcast eyes.
 Come with, &c.

Come, O Holy Saviour !
 While upon the way
 Forth we go to meet Thee,
 Come to us to-day.
 Ride Thou on triumphant
 Over sin and shame,
 Blessed Lord, Who comest
 In the FATHER'S name !
 We, with hearts and voices
 Loud Hosannas sing,
 Strew Thy way before Thee,
 Christ, our Lord and King! Amen.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
 Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry !
 Thy humble beast pursues his road,
 With palms and scattered garments
 strowed.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
 In lowly pomp ride on to die !
 O Christ ! Thy triumphs now begin,
 O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
 The winged squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
 To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
 Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
 Bow thy meek head to mortal pain ;
 Then take, O Christ, Thy power, and
 reign ! Amen.

53

Come, Lord Jesus !

55, Ogden, Moriah.

"Descend to Thy Jerusalem, O Lord !"
 Her faithful children cry with one accord ;
 Come, ride in triumph on ! behold we lay
 Our guilty hearts and proud wills in Thy
 way.

Thy road is ready Lord ! Thy paths made
 straight
 In longing expectation seem to wait
 The consecration of Thy beauteous feet :
 And hark ! Hosannas loud Thy footsteps
 greet !

Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord,
 here
 Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
 As that in Sion, and as full of sin :
 How long shall thieves and robbers dwell
 therein !

Enter and chase them forth and cleanse the
 floor !
 Destroy their strength, that they may never
 more
 Profain with traffic vile that holy place,
 Which Thou hast chosen there to set Thy
 face.

And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be,
 In praises of Thy finished victory,
 The temple-stones shall cry, and loud repeat
 Hosanna ; and Thy glorious footsteps greet.
 Amen.

PASSIONTIDE.

54 *And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly.*
 B. 195.

He knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
 When but His FATHER'S eye
 Looked through the lonely garden's shade
 On that dread agony :
 Messiah cried with suppliant breath,
 Bowed down with sorrow unto death.

He proved them all ; the doubt, the strife,
 The faint perplexing dread ;
 The mists that hang o'er parting life
 All gathered round His head :
 And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
 Yet passed it not, that cup, away.

It passed not, though the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath His tread ;
 It passed not, though to Him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead :
 But there was sent Him from on high
 A gift of strength for man to die !
 And was the Sinless thus beset
 With anguish and dismay ?
 How may we meet our conflict yet,
 In the dark narrow way ?
 Through Him, through Him that path who
 trod,
 The Son of Man, the Son of God ! Amen.

55

With His stripes we are healed.

Hesperus, 394.

A voice upon the midnight air,
 Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
 Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
 " O FATHER ! take this cup away ! "

Ah ! Thou Who sorrowest unto death,
 We conquer in Thy mortal fray ;
 And earth, for all her children, saith,
 " O GOD ! take *not* this cup away ! "

O Lord of sorrow ! meekly die ;
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe ;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh ;
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

Great Chief of faithful souls ! arise ;
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

O King of earth ! the Cross ascend :
O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne :
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is Thine own.

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray ;
Make but one fold below, above :
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of Thy love. Amen.

56

Looking unto Jesus.

432.

† When my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to Thee,
Garden of Gethsemane !

There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades,
See that suffering friendless One,
Weeping, praying there alone.

When my love for man grows weak,
 When for stronger faith I seek,
 Hill of Calvary ! I go
 To Thy scenes of fear and woe ;

There behold His agony
 Suffered on the bitter tree,
 See His anguish, see His faith,
 Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,
 Learning all the worth of pain,
 Learning all the might that lies
 In a full self-sacrifice. Amen.

57 *Remember Mine affliction and My misery, the worm-wood and the gall.*

110, B. 505.

Go to dark Gethsemane
 Ye that feel the tempter's power,
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with Him one bitter hour ;
 Turn not from His griefs away ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
 View the Lord of life arraigned :
 O, the wormwood and the gall !
 O, the pangs His soul sustained !
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
 Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
 There, adoring at His feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete;
 "It is finished," hear Him cry;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid His breathless clay:
 All is solitude and gloom;
 Who has taken Him away?
 Christ is risen! He seeks the skies:
 Saviour! teach us so to rise. Amen.

58

They crucified Him.

114.

O come and mourn with me awhile;
 See, Mary calls us to her side;
 O come, and let us mourn with her:
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
 Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Come, take thy stand beneath the cross;
 And let the blood from out that side
 Fall gently on thee drop by drop;
 Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
A broken heart love's cradle is :
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

O love of GOD, O sin of man,
In this dread act your strength is tried ;
And victory remains with love—
For He, our Love, is crucified. Amen.

59 *Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by ?*

597.

*+Burdened with anguish, Who is He,
Wounded in hands and feet and side ?
Come ;—stand beneath the awful tree !
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

See where He droops a thorn-crowned King ;
Hark how His foes His pangs deride !
With scoffs the walls of Zion ring !
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

He Who so loved, by hate is slain ;
By those He served, with scorn denied !
They curse,—He blesses them again !—
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Ah ! hear that cry of bitterest woe,
While heaven and earth in darkness hide !
The failing breath comes faint and slow,
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

O Son of GOD ! Thy strife is done,
Yet shall Thy love on earth abide ;
In us be Thy great victory won,
Since Thou for us wast crucified !

Amen.

60 *What things were gain to me, these have I counted
loss for Christ.*

108.

* When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast
Save in the Cross of Christ my Lord ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them at His word.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Amen.

61

Behold the Man !

III.

† O Jesu, Lord and Master !
 O Jesu, King and Head !
 By arméd men surrounded,
 To death we see Thee led,
 The cruel crown upon Thee,
 The mocking robe around,
 How patiently and meekly
 Thou tread'st the weary ground.

We hear the scoffing voices,
 We hear the proud man's scorn,
 The wail of women weeping,
 And faithful friends who mourn ;
 We see Thy sad disciples,
 As on the way they wend,
 We watch the dark procession,
 The fatal hill ascend.

We see them crucify Thee,
 We listen to Thy prayer
 Imploring for forgiveness
 For those who slay Thee there.
 We see Thee torn with anguish,
 And hear Thy mournful cry ;
 Then Thou dost bow resignéd
 And close Thine eyes and die.

O oft our way is weary,
 Temptations oft prevail,
 And oft we faint and falter,
 Our feeble footsteps fail,
 But when Thy form extended
 Upon the cross we see,
 May we be raised and strengthened,
 And drawn, Lord Christ, to Thee.
 Amen.

62 *I if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men
 unto Myself.*

117 (3).

† “It is finished !” Man of Sorrows
 From Thy Cross our frailty borrows
 Strength to bear and conquer thus.

While extended there we view Thee,
 Mighty Sufferer, draw us to Thee,
 Sufferer victorious.

Not in vain for us uplifted,
 Man of Sorrows, wonder-gifted !
 May that sacred emblem be ;

Lifted high amid the ages,
 Guide of heroes, saints and sages,
 May it guide us still to Thee ;

Still to Thee, Whose love unbounded
 Sorrows depths for us has sounded,
 Perfected by conflicts sore.

Glory to Thy Cross for ever ;
 Star that points our high endeavour,
 Whither Thou hast gone before. Amen.

63

It is finished.

15.

" 'Tis finished ! " so the Saviour cried,
 And meekly bowed His head and died.
 'Tis finished ! yes the race is run,
 The battle fought, the victory won.

'Tis finished ! all that heaven fortold
 By prophets in the days of old ;
 And truths are opened to our view,
 That kings and prophets never knew.

'Tis finished ! Son of God ! Thy power
 Hath triumphed in this awful hour ;
 And yet our eyes with sorrow see
 That life to us was death to Thee. Amen

HOLY SATURDAY.

64

*In his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in a
 rock.*

124.

Resting from His work to-day
 In the tomb the Saviour lay ;
 Still He slept, from head to feet,
 Shrouded in the winding-sheet,
 Lying in the rock alone,
 Hidden by the sealed stone.

Late at even there was seen
 Watching long the Magdalene :
 Early, ere the break of day,
 Sorrowful she took her way
 To the holy garden glade,
 Where her buried Lord was laid.

So with Thee, till life shall end,
 I would solemn vigil spend :
 Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
 In this rocky heart of mine,
 Where in pure embalmèd cell
 None but Thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,
 True affection's offering ;
 Close the door from sight and sound
 Of the busy world around :
 And in patient watch remain
 Till my Lord appear again. Amen.

EASTER.

65 *Now hath Christ been raised from the dead.*

134 (2).

Christ, the Lord is risen to-day,
 Alleluia !

Sons of men and angels say !
 Raise your songs and triumphs high !
 Sing ye heavens and earth reply !

Love's redeeming work is done ;
 Fought the fight, the battle won :
 Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er !
 Lo ! He sets in blood no more !

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
 Death in vain forbids His rise ;
 Christ hath opened paradise.

Lives again our glorious King :
 Where, O death, is now thy sting !
 Made like Him, like Him we rise :
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies !

Glorious bond of earth and heaven !
 Praise to Thee by both be given !
 Thee we greet triumphant now :
 Hail ! the Resurrection, Thou ! Amen.

66

He is risen, even as He said.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 Accomplished is the battle now ;
 The crown is on the Victor's brow !
 Hence with sadness,
 Sing with sadness Alleluia !

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 After sharp death that Him befel,
 Our Jesus Christ hath harrowed hell,
 Earth is singing,
 Heaven is ringing, Alleluia !

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 On the third morning He arose
 Radiant with victory o'er His foes ;
 Sing we lauding
 And applauding, Alleluia !

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 He hath closed hell's brazen door,
 And heaven is open evermore !
 Hence with sadness
 Sing with gladness Alleluia !

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 LORD, by Thy love we call on Thee,
 So from ill death to set us free,
 That our living
 Be thanksgiving ! Alleluia !
 Amen.

67

Jesus came and stood in the midst.

178 (1).

On the first Christian Sabbath-eve,
 When His disciples met,
 O'er His lost fellowship to grieve,
 Nor knew the Scriptures yet :—

Lo ! in their midst His form was seen,
 The form in which He died ;
 Their Master's marred and wounded mien,
 His hands, His feet, His side.

Then were they glad their Lord to know,
 And hailed Him, yet with fear :
 Jesus ! again Thy presence show,
 Meet Thy disciples here.

Be in our midst ! let faith rejoice
 Our risen Lord to view,
 And make our spirits hear Thy voice
 Say—"Peace be unto you !"

While with Thee, in these sacred hours
 We commune through Thy Word,
 May our hearts burn and all our powers
 Confess,—“It is the Lord.” Amen.

68

The Lord is risen indeed !

563, B. 492.

† Day dawned on the garden fair,
 Sing we Alleluia !
 Fragrant flowers were growing there,
 Sing we Alleluia !
 To the tomb of Jesus, when
 Morning met the watchers' ken,
 Went the weeping Magdalene,
 Sing we Alleluia !

Day dawned on the sepulchre,
 Sing we Alleluia !
 Angels of the LORD were there,
 Sing we Alleluia !
 Blessed angels, pure and bright,
 Holy angels robed in light,
 Shone upon her weary sight.
 Sing we Alleluia !

Day dawned on the garden fair,
 Sing we Alleluia !
 Christ the Lord was with her there,
 Sing we Alleluia !
 Christ upon the cross who died,
 Christ the Lord was at her side,
 Christ the raised and glorified !
 Sing we Alleluia !

Dawn bright day upon us here,
 Sing we Alleluia !
 Risen Lord to us draw near,
 Sing we Alleluia !
 Thou Who art the living light,
 Dawn upon the dreary night,
 Rise and rule Thy Church in might !
 Sing we Alleluia ! Amen.

69

He is risen.

568.

Angel ! roll the rock away ;
 Death ! yield up thy mighty prey ;
 See the Saviour, from the tomb
 Rising in immortal bloom.

Mortals ! raise the rapturous song ;
 Let the strains be sweet and strong,
 Hail the Son of God, this morn
 From His sepulchre new-born.

Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs !
 Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres ;
 Sons of men ! in humble strain,
 Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

Every note with wonder swell;
 Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?
 Where thy terrors, vanquished king?
 Amen.

70 *I was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore.*
 140 (1).

Jesus lives! no longer now
 Can thy terrors, death, appal us;
 Jesus lives! by this we know
 Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
 Alleluia!

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
 But the gate of life immortal;
 This shall calm our trembling breath,
 When we pass its gloomy portal.
 Alleluia!

Jesus lives! for us He died;
 Then, alone to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart may we abide,
 Glory to our Saviour giving.
 Alleluia!

Jesus lives! our hearts know well
 Nought from us His love shall sever;
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
 Tear us from His keeping ever.
 Alleluia!

Jesus lives! to Him the throne
 Over all the world is given!
 May we go where He is gone,
 Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
 Alleluia! Amen.

ASCENSIONTIDE.

71 *A cloud received Him out of their sight.*

193.

He is gone ;—a cloud of light
Has received Him from our sight ;
High in heaven where eye of man
Follows not, nor angels' ken :
Through the veils of time and space,
Passed into the holiest place ;
All the toil, the sorrow done,
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—toward their goal
World and Church must onward roll :
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast :
Still His words before us range
Through the ages as they change :
Whereso'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the heaven of heavens, the same
As on earth He went and came ;
In the many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare,
In that world unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one. Amen.

72 *All authority hath been given unto Me in heaven and on earth.*

360 (2). Universalist.

Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise
 Into Thy native skies—
 Assume Thy right :
 And where, in many a fold
 The clouds are backward rolled—
 Pass through those gates of gold,
 And reign in light.

Victor o'er death and hell,
 Cherubic legions swell
 The radiant train :
 Praises all heaven inspire ;
 Each angel sweeps his lyre,
 And waves his wings of fire,—
 Thou Lamb once slain.

Enter blest Son of God :
 No feet but Thine have trod
 The serpent down ;
 Blow the full trumpets, blow ;
 Wider your portals throw ;
 Saviour, triumphant, go
 And take Thy crown.

Lion of Judah, hail !
 And let thy name prevail
 From age to age :
 Lord of the rolling years,
 Claim for Thine own the spheres,
 For Thou hast bought with tears
 Thy heritage. Amen.

73 *Jesus, Which was received up from you into heaven.*

B 195

† Our Lord hath passed to realms of light
From out this world below ;
A cloud divides Him from our sight,
But still in faith we know
That now, upon a brighter shore,
He lives and loves us evermore.

Through pain and sorrow, cross and shame,
Our Lord hath reached His rest,
And glorifies His FATHER'S name
Upon His FATHER'S breast,
Where now, upon that brighter shore,
He lives and loves us evermore.

Our Lord, the Shepherd of His sheep,
Looks back and bids us come :
He o'er His flock His watch doth keep
And calls the wanderers home,
To where, upon that brighter shore,
He lives and loves us evermore.

O ! one in GOD and GOD in Him !
We lift our eyes above,
And pray that we be one in Them
In everlasting love,
Both here and on that brighter shore,
Where Christ doth dwell for evermore.
Amen.

WHITSUNTIDE.

74

If I go I will send Him unto you.

207.

Our blest Redeemer ere He breathed
 His tender last farewell,
 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
 With us to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame
 To teach, convince, subdue :
 All powerful as the wind He came,
 As viewless too.

He came, sweet influence to impart,
 A gracious willing guest,
 While He can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear
 Soft as the breath of even,
 That checks each fault, that calms each
 fear,
 And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
 And every victory won,
 And every thought of holiness
 Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness pitying see ;
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling place,
 And worthier Thee !
 Amen.

75

Thou sendest forth Thy Spirit.

156.

Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come,
 And from Thy celestial home
 Shed a ray of light divine :
 Come, Thou FATHER of the poor,
 Come, Thou source of all our store,
 Come within our bosoms shine.
 Thou, of comforters the best,
 Thou, the soul's most welcome guest,
 Sweet refreshment here below !
 In our labour rest most sweet,
 Grateful coolness in the heat,
 Solace in the midst of woe.
 O most blessed Light divine,
 Shine within these hearts of Thine,
 And our inmost being fill :
 Where Thou art not, man hath nought,
 Nothing good in deed or thought,
 Nothing free from taint of ill.
 Heal our wounds, our strength renew,
 On our dryness pour Thy dew,
 Wash the stains of guilt away :
 Bend the stubborn heart and will,
 Melt the frozen, warm the chill,
 Guide the steps that go astray.

On the faithful, who adore
 And confess Thee evermore,
 In Thy sevenfold gifts descend ;
 Give them virtue's sure reward,
 Give them Thy salvation, LORD,
 Give them joys that never end. Amen.

76 *I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.*

79

Gracious Spirit dwell with me,—
 I myself would gracious be ;
 And with words that help and heal
 Would Thy life in mine reveal ;
 And with actions bold and meek
 Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—
 I myself would truthful be ;
 And with wisdom kind and clear
 Let Thy life in mine appear ;
 And with actions brotherly
 Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—
 I myself would tender be ;
 Shut my heart up like a flower
 At temptation's darksome hour ;
 Open it when shines the sun,
 And His love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me,—
 I myself would quiet be ;
 Quiet as the growing blade
 Which through earth its way has made ;
 Silently, like morning light,
 Putting mists and chills to flight. Amen.

77

God is a Spirit.

157 (1).

* Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire ;
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;
 Enable with perpetual light
 The dulness of our blinded sight :

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
 With the abundance of Thy grace ;
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
 Where Thou art Guide no ill can come ;

O may we own the Spirit one
 Of GOD the FATHER and His Son,
 That through the ages all along
 This may be our endless song.

Praise to Thy eternal merit,
 Heavenly FATHER, Holy Spirit. Amen.

FOR THE YOUNG.

78 *He shall gather the lambs in His arm and carry them
in His bosom.*

137, C. H. 147.

Far above in highest heaven,
Jesus reigns, our Lord and King ;
He His life for us has given,
He did life eternal bring.
Sing then, children, sing with gladness,
Loud let grateful anthems ring ;
Jesus is the children's Saviour,
Jesus is the children's King.

Once on earth the children praised Him,
And " Hosanna " was their cry :
Now that God to heaven has raised Him,
Loud they praise Him in the sky ;
Shout, then children, shout your praises,
Loud let grateful anthems ring,
Jesus is the children's Saviour,
Jesus is the children's King.

Come then, early, come to Jesus,
As the children did of old :
He from sin and sorrow frees us,
Never will His love grow cold.
Daily let us learn to love Him,
Daily let us join to sing
Praises to our Lord and Saviour,
Praises to the children's King.

Then, when life's short days are ended,
 If we've served our Saviour well,
 By His angels gently tended,
 In His kingdom we shall dwell :
 There we'll shout our joyous praises,
 There the song of victory sing,
 Jesus is our Lord and Saviour,
 Jesus is the children's King. Amen.

79

He will be our Guide even unto death.

305, E. H. 24.

† Lead us, heavenly FATHER,
 Lead us, Shepherd kind :
 We are only children,
 Weak and young and blind.
 All the way before us
 Thou alone dost know :
 O lead us, heavenly FATHER,
 Singing as we go.
 Lead us, &c.

Lead us, heavenly FATHER,
 In our opening way ;
 Lead us in the morning
 Of our little day ;
 While our hearts are happy,
 While our souls are free,
 O may we give our childhood
 As a song to Thee.
 May we, &c.

FOR THE YOUNG.

Lead us, heavenly FATHER,
As the way grows long ;
Be our strong salvation,
Be our joyous song.
Gladdened by Thy mercies,
Chastened by Thy rod,
O may we walk through all things
Humbly with our God.
May we, &c.

Lead us, heavenly FATHER,
By Thy voices clear,
Through the Prophets holy,
Through the Saviour dear,—
He Who took the children
In His arms of love ;
O may we all be gathered
In His home above.
May we, &c. Amen.

80 *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast
perfected praise.*

307.

† To Him Who held the children
In those long-vanished days,
And touched their heads in blessing,
We raise our hymn of praise.
O FATHER tune our voices
And let our hearts be one,
As now we bring our tribute
To Christ, Thy holy Son.

Dear Jesus ! what we owe Thee,
The half we ne'er shall know :
But life's best joy and gladness
From Thy sweet Spirit flow ;
And if when tired or troubled,
We meet with words of cheer,
If hands are clasped to shield us
When sin or harm is near :
If friends are glad to teach us,
To guide our youthful feet
Through pastures fair by waters
That ripple low and sweet ;
In all this tireless labour
One gracious hand we see,
And know the blessed service
Is given through love of Thee.
So now we lift our voices,
In earnest, grateful love,
Sure that our song will reach Thee,
In Thy blest home above.
And Jesus ! let Thy Spirit
Be always at our side ;
And one day we shall see Thee
And in Thy light abide. Amen.

81*The Child Jesus.*

329

Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed :
Mary was that Mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

And, through all His wondrous Childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly Mother,
In whose gentle arms He lay ;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.
For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew ;
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.
And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above !
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.
Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him ; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high ;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

82 *Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.* 574.

Hushed was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark ;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark :
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept ;
His watch the temple child,
The little levite kept ;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed
The LORD to Hannah's son revealed.

O ! give me Samuel's ear
The open ear, O LORD,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word ;
Like Him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

O ! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates ;
By day and night a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

O ! give me Samuel's mind
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resign'd
To Thee in life and death ;
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
Amen.

83 *Even a child maketh himself known by his doings.*
331.

We are but little children weak,
Not born in any high estate ;
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great ?

O, day by day each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within ;
A death to die for Jesus' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes ;

Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humour brighten there,
And still do all for Jesus' sake. Amen.

84 *When He was twelve years old.*

112.

†O blessed truth, that Christ above
Was once a child like me,
Protected by a Mother's love,
In feeble infancy.

O blessed truth, that Mary's Son,
The fairest child and best,
Had a good father like my own,
On whom He learned to rest.

O blessed truth, that He, before
Whom earthly thrones must bow,
Obedience learned, in days of yore,
As I must learn it now.

O blessed truth, that Jesus grew
In wisdom's holy way,
And gained whate'er of good He knew,
As I must do to-day.

O blessed truth, that He, Who came
My pattern here to be,
Was taught subjection just the same,
When once a child like me. Amen.

85

The Lord hath made every thing.

573-

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,—
The LORD GOD made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
 The poor man at his gate,—
 God made them, high or lowly,
 And ordered their estate.
 The purple-headed mountain,
 The river running by,
 The sunset, and the morning
 That brightens up the sky ;
 The cold wind in the winter,
 The pleasant summer sun,
 The ripe fruits in the garden,—
 He made them every one.
 He gave us eyes to see them,
 And lips that we might tell
 How great is God Almighty,
 Who has made all things well.' Amen.

PROCESSIONAL.

86*Be strong and of a good courage.*

391, B. 439.

Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ the Royal Master,
 Leads against the foe ;
 Forward into battle,
 See, His banners go !
 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before.

Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers we are treading
 Where the Saints have trod :
We are not divided,
 All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.
Onward, &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus,
 Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
Onward, &c.

Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph song ;
Glory, laud, and honour,
 Unto Christ the king,
This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.
Onward, &c. Amen .

87 *Young men and maidens, old men and children, let
them praise the Name of the Lord.*

393.

Rejoice, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The Cross of Christ your King.

Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

Yes onward, onward still,
With hymn, and chant, and song,
Through gate, and porch, and columned
aisle,
The hallowed pathways throng.

Your clear Hosannas raise,
And Alleluias loud;
Whilst answering echoes upward float
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as ye go,
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

Still lift your standard high,
 Still march in firm array,
 As warriors through the darkness toil
 Till dawns the golden day.

At last the march shall end,
 The wearied ones shall rest,
 The pilgrims find their FATHER'S house,
 Jerusalem the blest.

Then on, ye pure in heart,
 Rejoice, give thanks, and sing ;
 Your festal banner wave on high,
 The Cross of Christ your King. Amen.

88 *Speak unto the children of Israel that they go
 forward.*

390.

Forward ! be our watchword,
 Steps and voices joined ;
 Seek the things before us,
 Not a look behind ;
 Burns the fiery pillar
 At our army's head ;
 Who shall dream of shrinking,
 By our Captain led ?
 Forward through the desert,
 Through the toil and fight ;
 Jordan flows before us,
 Sion beams with light.

Forward when in childhood
 Buds the infant mind,
All through youth and manhood
 Not a thought behind.
Speed through realms of nature,
 Climb the steps of grace ;
Faint not till in glory
 Gleams our FATHER'S face.
 Forward all the lifetime,
 Climb from height to height ;
 Till the head be hoary,
 Till the eve be light.

Forward, flock of Jesus,
 Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
 Spring to glorious birth ;
Sick, they ask for healing,
 Blind, they grope for day ;
Pour upon the nations
 Wisdom's loving ray.
 Forward out of error,
 Leave behind the night ;
 Forward through the darkness,
 Forward into light.

Into GOD'S high temple
 Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
 Born of holiness ;
Arch, and vault, and carving,
 Lights of varied tone,
Softened words and holy
 Prayer and praise alone :

Every thought upraising
To our city bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the Throne of light.

Glories upon glories
Hath our GOD prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared !
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard ;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth,
That fair home is ours ;
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold ;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirits' might ;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light. Amen.

89 *Behold, I have given Him for . . . a leader and
commander to the peoples.* 392.

*Brightly gleams our banner
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.
Brightly gleams our banner
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy brethren meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, &c.

All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm clouds lour.
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, &c.

Then with saints and angels
 May we join above,
 Offering prayers and praises
 At the Throne of Love;
 When the toil is over,
 Then comes rest and peace,
 Jesus in His beauty,
 Songs that never cease.
 Brightly gleams, &c. Amen.

90 *In the name of our God we set up our banners.*

390.

† Heavenward lift your banners,
 Braving pain and loss,
 Strike for God and victory,
 Soldiers of the Cross.
 In your holy warfare,
 Quit you now like men
 In your Leader's service
 Counting all things gain.
 Heavenward lift your banners, &c.

From the Holy City
 Countless souls look on,
 They have waged the warfare,
 They the crown have won.
 Now with eager longing
 Still they scan the fight,
 Nerve ye, Christian warriors,
 Strike for God and right.
 Heavenward lift your banners, &c.

When your steps are faltering,
 When your strength is low,
 When your arm is weary,
 Nerveless every blow ;
 See, they urge you onward,
 They, the Martyr throng ;
 Hear their loud Hosannas !
 Hear their battle song !
 Heavenward lift your banners,

Can ye then be faithless,
 Traitors to your God ?
 Can ye flee the pathway
 Saintly hosts have trod ?
 Where the fight is thickest
 Plunge with courage high,
 " Strike for God and victory,"
 This your battle cry.
 Heavenward lift your banners, &c.
 Amen.

91

In hoc signo vinces.

35, B 614.

Fling out the banner ; let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide ;
 The sun shall light its shining folds,
 The Cross on which the Saviour died.

Fling out the banner ! angels bend
 In anxious silence o'er the sign ;
 And vainly seek to comprehend
 The wonder of the Love Divine.

Fling out the banner ! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner ! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner ! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory only in the Cross ;
Our Living Lord, the Crucified !

Fling out the banner ! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine !
Nor skill, nor might, nor valour ours ;
We "conquer only in that sign." Amen.

92

One hope of our calling.

274.

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the Light of God's own Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread :

One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.

One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun :

One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the ONE ALMIGHTY FATHER
Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid !
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb ;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom. Amen.

93 *The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we
are glad.*

390, H. and C. S. (c 2).

*On our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of
love!

Is there grief or sadness? Thine it cannot
be!

Is our sky beclouded? clouds are not from
Thee!

On our way rejoicing as we homeward
move,

Hearken to our praises, O Thou God of
love!

If with honest-hearted love for God and
man,

Day by day Thou find us doing what we
can,

Thou Who giv'st the seed time wilt give
large increase,

Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart
with peace.

On our way rejoicing, &c.

On our way rejoicing gladly let us go;

Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is
our foe!

Christ without, our safety, Christ within,
our joy;

Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?

On our way rejoicing, &c.

Unto God the FATHER joyful songs we sing :
 Unto Christ the Saviour, thankful hearts we
 bring ;

In the holy Spirit bow we and adore,
 On our way rejoicing now and evermore !
 On our way rejoicing, &c. Amen.

GENERAL.

94*Let heaven and earth praise Him.*

295.

The strain upraise of joy and praise,
 Alleluia !

To the glory of their King
 Let the ransomed people sing Alleluia !

And the choirs that dwell on high
 Swell the chorus in the sky, Alleluia !

Ye, through the fields of Paradise that roam,
 Ye blessèd ones, repeat through that bright
 home
 Alleluia !

Ye planets glittering on your heavenly way,
 Ye shining constellations, join and say
 Alleluia !

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
 Ye winds on pinions light,
 Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
 Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
 In sweet consent unite your Alleluia !

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing Alleluia !

First, let the birds, with painted plumage
gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Alleluia !

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying
strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again
Alleluia !

Here let the mountains thunder forth
sonorous Alleluia !
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus
Alleluia !

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alleluia !
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply
Alleluia

To God, Who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid, Alleluia !

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the
LORD of all things loves, Alleluia !

This is the song, the heavenly song, that
Christ Himself approves, Alleluia !

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice
awaking, Alleluia !

And children's voices echo, answer making,
Alleluia !

Now from all men be out-poured
Alleluia to the LORD ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Amen.

95

Praise the Lord.

431.

O worship the King
All-glorious above ;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love ;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old ;
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.
Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light !
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.
Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender !
How firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.
O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love,
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to Thy praise. Amen.

96

Underneath are the everlasting arms.

551.

Souls of men ! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep ?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep ?

It is GOD : His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems :
'Tis our FATHER : and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

There's a wideness in GOD's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea :
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

'There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven :
'There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this ;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of GOD is broader
Than the measure of man's mind ;
And the Heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own ;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our LORD. Amen.

97 *Giving thanks always for all things in the name of
our Lord Jesus Christ.*

6, B. 176.

For the beauty of the earth,
For the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
LORD of all to Thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light.
LORD of all, &c.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
LORD of all, &c.

For Thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love,
LORD of all, &c. Amen.

- 98** *To do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly
with thy God.*

127

FATHER of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind !
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows Thy goodness unconfined :
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace Thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

LORD ! what offering shall we bring,
At Thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow :
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed ;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast :

Willing hands, to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O Thou heavenly King !
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to Thee, and all mankind.

Amen.

99 *I am the Lord thy God. . . Which leadeth thee by
the way that thou shouldest go.*

281.

Lead us, Heavenly FATHER, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee,
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our GOD our FATHER be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness Thou dost know :
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy ;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. Amen.

100 *The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light.*

424.

† LORD of all being ! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life ! Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope ! Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign :
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

LORD of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is love ;
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Amen.

101 *Help us, O God of our salvation.*

214.

LORD of our Life, and GOD of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
LORD GOD Almighty.

See round Thine Ark the hungry billows
curling ;

See how Thy foes their banners are unfurl-
ing ;

LORD, while their darts envenomed they are
hurling,

Thou canst preserve us.

LORD, Thou canst help when earthly armour
faileth,

LORD, Thou canst save when deadly sin
assaileth,

LORD, o'er Thy Church nor death nor hell
prevaileth ;

Grant us Thy peace, LORD.

Grant us Thy help till foes are backward
driven,

Grant them Thy truth, that they may be
forgiven,

Grant peace on earth, and, after we have
striven,

Peace in Thy heaven. Amen.

102 *I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also
that is of a contrite and humble spirit.*

169.

My GOD, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light !

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting LORD,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored !

How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !

O how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

Yet I may love Thee too, O LORD,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.

FATHER of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on Thee. Amen.

103

Draw nigh to God.

277, C. H. 437

† Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

104 *Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.*

165

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

105*Lord help me*

279.

O help us, LORD : each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succour give ;
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed
 With contrite anguish sore :
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 O help us, LORD, the more.

O help us through the prayer of faith
 More firmly to believe ;
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.

O help us, FATHER, from on high ;
 We know no help but Thee ;
 O help us so to live and die
 As Thine in heaven to be. Amen.

106 *The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth.*

420.

O Thou to Whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
 Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
 And prophets praised with glowing
 tongue !

Not now on Zion's height alone
 The favoured worshipper may dwell,
 Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
 Sat weary by the patriach's well.

From every place below the skies
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
 The incense of the heart, may rise
 To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
 And strength and beauty bend the knee,
 And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
 Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O Thou to Whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of prophet bards was strung !
 To Thee, at last, in every clime
 Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.
 Amen.

107 *O come, let us worship and bow down.*

Praise the LORD ! Ye heavens, adore Him,^{545.}
 Praise Him, angels in the height,
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him.
 Praise Him, all ye stars of light !
 Praise the LORD, for He hath spoken,
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed :
 Laws which never can be broken
 For their guidance He hath made.
 Praise the LORD, for He is glorious,
 Never shall His promise fail :
 He hath made His saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail :
 Praise the God of our salvation,
 Hosts on high ! His power proclaim ;
 Heaven, and earth, and all creation
 Praise and magnify His name ! Amen.

108

He first loved us.

512.

Thou grace divine, encircling all,
 A soundless, shoreless sea !
 Wherein at last our souls shall fall,
 O love of GOD most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,
 One soft hand blinds our eyes,
 The other leads us safe and slow,
 O love of GOD most wise !

And though we turn us from Thy face
 And wander wide and long,
 Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
 O love of GOD most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
 The toil-worn frame and mind,
 Alike confess Thy sweet control,
 O love of GOD most kind !

And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
 Our souls are strong and free,
 To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
 O love of GOD, to Thee ! Amen.

109

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.

35-

† Thou LORD of Hosts, Whose guiding hand
 Hath brought us here before Thy face !
 Our spirits wait for Thy command ;
 Our silent hearts implore Thy peace.

Those spirits lay their noblest powers
 As offerings on Thy holy shrine :
 Thine was the strength that nourished
 ours,
 The soldiers of the Cross are Thine.

While watching on our arms at night,
 We saw Thine angels round us move ;
 We heard Thy call, we felt Thy light,
 And followed, trusting to Thy love.

And now with hymn and prayer we stand
 To give our strength to Thee, great
 GOD !

We would redeem Thy holy land,
 That land which sin so long has trod.

Send us where'er Thou wilt, O LORD !
 Through rugged toil and wearying fight ;
 Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
 And faith in Thee our truest might.

Send down Thy constant aid, we pray ;
 Be Thy pure angels with us still ;
 Thy truth, be that our firmest stay ;
 Our only rest, to do Thy will. Amen.

110

Thy kingdom come.

217.

Thy kingdom come, O God,
 Thy rule, O Christ, begin ;
 Break, with Thine iron rod,
 The tyrannies of sin.

Where is Thy reign of peace,
 And purity, and love?
 When shall all hatred cease,
 As in the realms above?

When comes the promised time
 That war shall be no more,
 And lust, oppression, crime
 Shall flee Thy face before?

We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
 And come in Thy great might;
 Revive our longing eyes,
 Which languish for Thy sight.

Men scorn Thy sacred name,
 And wolves devour Thy fold;
 By many deeds of shame
 We learn that love grows cold.

O'er heathen lands afar
 Thick darkness broodeth yet:
 Arise, O morning Star,
 Arise, and never set. Amen.

111 *Yea, let all the peoples praise Thee.*

58.

Stand up and bless the LORD,
 Let young and old rejoice;
 Stand up and bless the LORD your GOD,
 With heart, and soul, and voice.

Though high above all praise,
 Above all blessings high,
 Who would not fear His holy Name,
 And laud and magnify ?

O, for the living flame
 From His own altar brought
 To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought !

God is our strength and song,
 And His salvation ours ;
 Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
 With all our ransomed powers.

Stand up and bless the LORD,
 The LORD your GOD adore ;
 Stand up and bless His glorious name,
 Henceforth for evermore. Amen.

112

Serve the Lord with gladness.

516.

Before JEHOVAH's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the LORD is GOD alone,
 He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
 And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
 He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours can we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command ;
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.
Amen.

113 *A great multitude in heaven, saying, Hallelujah.*
296 (2).

Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of heaven ; O sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.

Ye Powers who stand before the Eternal
Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

The holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the LORD with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

Ye who have gained at length your palms in
 bliss,
 Victorious ones, your chant shall still be
 this,

An endless Alleluia.

There is one grand acclaim ; for ever ring
 The strains which tell the honour of your
 King,

An endless Alleluia.

This is sweet rest for weary ones brought
 back,
 This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall
 lack

An endless Alleluia.

While Thee, by Whom were all things made
 we praise

For ever, and tell out our sweetest lays,
 An endless Alleluia. Amen.

114

Praise ye the Lord.

359.

Praise to Thee, Thou great CREATOR !

Praise be Thine from every tongue !

Join, my soul, with every creature,

Join the universal song.

FATHER, Source of all compassion !

Free, unbounded grace is Thine :

Hail the God of our salvation !

Praise Him for His love divine.

For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and
heaven,
Sound JEHOVAH'S praise on high.
Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise ;
There enraptured fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
Amen.

115 *Have this mind in you which was in Christ Jesus.*
182.

God of Jesus ! hear me now,
Take the meek disciple's vow ;
Thou so good, so true, so kind,
Fill me with the Saviour's mind.

Plant and root and fix in me
Trust, as of a child, in Thee ;
Settled peace I then shall find,
Like Messiah's quiet mind.

Anger then I ne'er shall feel,
Always even, always still ;
Meekly on my God reclined,
Like Messiah's gentle mind.

I shall suffer and fulfil
All my FATHER'S gracious will ;
Be in every lot resigned,
Like Messiah's patient mind.

When His faith is rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear;
Fear doth servile spirits bind,
Not Messiah's noble mind.

Lowly, loving, meek and pure,
May I to the end endure!
Be no more to ill inclined,
Like Messiah's perfect mind! Amen.

116 *Let Thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with
salvation, and Thy saints rejoice in goodness.*

509. (21.

GOD in His temple let us meet,
Low on our knees before Him bend,
Here He hath fixed His mercy-seat,
Here on His Sabbath we attend.

Arise into Thy resting-place,
Thou and Thine ark of strength, O
LORD!
Shine through the veil, we seek Thy face:
Speak, for we hearken to Thy word.

With righteousness Thy priests array:
Joyful Thy favoured people be:
Let those who teach and those who pray
Let all be holiness to Thee! Amen.

117 *My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.* 200

I love, I love Thee, LORD most high !

Because Thou first hast lovèd me :

I seek no other liberty

But that of being bound to Thee.

May memory no thought suggest

But shall to Thy pure glory tend ;

My understanding find no rest

Except in Thee, its only end.

My GOD I here protest to Thee,

No other will have I than Thine ;

Whate'er Thou hast given to me,

I here again to Thee resign.

All mine is Thine,—say but the word,

Whate'er Thou wilt shall be done

I know Thy love, all-gracious LORD ;

I know it seeks my good alone.

Apart from Thee all things are nought ;

Then grant, O my supremest bliss !

Grant me to love Thee as I ought ;

Thou givest all in giving this! Amen.

118 *God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises
with understanding.* 548.

Let all the world in every corner sing

My GOD and King !

The heavens are not too high

His praise may thither fly ;

The earth is not too low,

His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing

My GOD and King !

Let all the world in every corner sing
 My God and King.
 The Church with psalms must shout ;
 No door can keep them out ;
 But, above all, the heart
 Must bear the longest part.
 Let all the world in every corner sing
 My God and King! Amen.

119

Yield yourselves unto the Lord.

276 (2), Universalist

LORD, Thou hast won, at length I yield,
 My heart by mighty grace compell'd,
 Surrenders all to Thee ;
 Against Thy terrors long I strove
 But who can stand before Thy love ?
 Love conquers even me.

If Thou hadst bid Thy thunders roll,
 And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
 I still had stubborn been ;
 But mercy has my heart subdued,
 A loving Saviour I have viewed,
 And now I hate my sin.

Now, LORD, I would be Thine alone ;
 Come, take possession of Thine own,
 For Thou hast set me free ;
 Releas'd from sin, at Thy command
 See all my pow'rs in waiting stand,
 To be employed by Thee. Amen.

120

My times are in Thy hand.

B. 191.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
The changes that must surely come
I do not fear to see ;
I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.
I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.
I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where I go.
Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.
In service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me ;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy people free ;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty. Amen.

121

Jesus only!

L. M. H. 6

Let me come closer to Thee, Jesus,
 O! closer day by day;
 Let me lean harder on Thee, Jesus,
 Yes, harder all the way.

Let me show forth Thy beauty, Jesus.
 Like sunshine on the hills.

O! let my lips pour forth Thy
 sweetness

In joyous, sparkling rills.

Yes, like a fountain precious, Jesus,
 Make me and let me be;
 Keep me and use me daily, Jesus,
 For Thee, for only Thee.

In all my heart and will, O Jesus,
 Be altogether King.

Make me a loyal subject, Jesus,
 To Thee in everything.

Thirsting and hungering for Thee, Jesus,
 With blessed hunger here,
 Longing for home on Zion's Mountain,
 No thirst, no hunger there. Amen.

122

Him Whom my soul loveth.

551, L. M. H. 10

Softly sing the sweet word "Jesus,"
 For 'tis full of love and rest;
 And the very name of Jesus
 Draws poor sinners to His breast.

Softly sing that name so tender,
Many a trembling one is here ;
Only tenderness can draw them,
And they are so very dear.

O ! so very dear to Jesus,
And He yearns to save them *now* ;
How He waits with tearful longing,
Thorns of sorrow round His brow.

O poor sinner speak to Jesus !
In the silence of thy heart
Say—‘ For this Thy love so wondrous,
Now with all my sin I’ll part.’

I will trust Thee now, Lord Jesus,
Keep Thee waiting now no more ;
Let Thee take away my sin-stains,
Let Thee heal my every sore.

Jesus answers—‘ I receive thee,
Only look to Me and live ;
And I now will never leave thee,
All thy sins I *now* forgive.’

Sing aloud, O happy sinner !
‘ Jesus says I am forgiven,
And that He will never leave me
Till He brings me safe to Heaven.’

Amen

123 *Thou shalt call His name Jesus ; for it is He that
shall save His people from their sins.*

107, L.M.H. 11.

Jesus ! Jesus ! Jesus !
Sing aloud the Name ;
Till it softly, slowly,
Sets all hearts aflame.

In the Name of Jesus
All God's love is found ;
And the Name of Jesus
Is Heaven's sweetest sound.

O that Name is sunshine,
Drying up our tears ;
Jesus ! how it scatters
All our doubts and fears.

Jesus ! Name of cleansing,
Washing all our stains ;
Jesus ! Name of healing
Balm for all our pains.

Jesus ! Name of boldness,
Making cowards brave ;
Name that in the battle,
Certainly must save.

Jesus ! Name of vict'ry,
Stretching far away,
Right across earth's war-fields,
To the plains of day.

Jesus ! be our joy-note
In this vale of tears ;
Till we reach the home-land,
And the eternal years. Amen.

124

Take My yoke upon you.

L.M.H. 15.

I hear the voice of Jesus speaking,
'Tis speaking now to me ;
O come, poor sinner, come and trust Me,
Have I not died for thee ?
O Jesus ! now I will believe,
And throw me on Thy breast ;
Thy heart is panting to receive
My soul, and give me rest.

I hear the voice of Jesus speaking,
While in His arms I lie ;
“ Poor child for thee I’ve long been seeking,
Why did’st thou from Me fly ? ”
I could not think, O Holy Lord !
Such love could be for me ;
I could not dare appropriate
Thy love so rich and free.

I hear the voice of Jesus speaking,
“ My life, My grace are thine :
Now, happy soul, be up and doing,
And in My beauty shine.”
Oh yes ! dear Lord, for in Thy strength
I can *do* all things here,
And Thou wilt never leave Thy child,
Jesus, my Saviour dear. Amen.

125

Apart from Me ye can do nothing.

228.

*I could not do without Thee,
 O Saviour of the lost,
 Whose tender love has sought me
 At such tremendous cost ;
 For Thou, beloved Master,
 Art all in all to me,
 And weakness will be power,
 In keeping close to Thee.

I could not do without Thee,
 For O the way is long,
 And I am often weary,
 And sigh replaces song ;
 How could I do without Thee ?
 I do not know the way ;
 Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
 And wilt not let me stray.

I could not do without Thee,
 O Jesus, Saviour dear ;
 E'en when my eyes are holden,
 I know that Thou art near ;
 How dreary and how lonely
 This changeful life would be
 Without the sweet communion,
 The secret rest with Thee.

I could not do without Thee ;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need ;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O Blessed Lord, but Thine.

I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed ;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, " It is I." Amen.

126 *Thy name is as ointment poured forth.*

178 (1).

Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

O hope of every contrite heart,
 O joy of all the meek,
 To those who ask how kind Thou art,
 How good to those who seek !
 But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
 The love of Jesus, what it is
 None but His loved ones know.
 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be ;
 In Thee be all our glory now,
 And through eternity. Amen.

127 *A Man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind
 and a covert from the tempest.*

193

Jesus Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the gathering waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.
 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

K

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cleanse from every sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity. Amen.

128

He is altogether lovely

177 (2).

Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts !
 Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men !
 From the best bliss that earth imparts
 We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood,
 Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
 To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
 To them that find Thee, all in all.

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
 And long to feast upon Thee still ;
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
 Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
 Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Saviour, ever with us stay,
 Make all our moments calm and bright;
 Chase the dark night of sin away;
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.
 Amen.

129 *Where I am there shall also My servant be.*

271.

O Jesus, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end,
 Be Thou for ever near me
 My Master and my Friend;
 I shall not fear the battle
 If Thou art by my side,
 Nor wander from the pathway
 If Thou wilt be my Guide.
 O let me feel Thee near me,
 The world is ever near;
 I see the sights that dazzle,
 The tempting sounds I hear;
 My foes are ever near me,
 Around me and within,
 But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer
 And shield my soul from sin.
 O let me hear Thee speaking
 In accents clear and still,
 Above the storms of passion,
 The murmurs of self will;
 O speak to re-assure me,
 To hasten or control;
 O speak, and make me listen,
 Thou Guardian of my soul.

O Jesus Thou hast promised
 To all who follow Thee,
 That were Thou art in glory
 There shall Thy servant be ;
 And, Jesus, I have promised
 To serve Thee to the end,
 O give me grace to follow
 My Master and my Friend.

O let me see Thy footmarks,
 And in them plant mine own ;
 My hope to follow duly
 Is in Thy strength alone ;
 O guide me, call me, draw me,
 Uphold me to the end ;
 And then, in heaven receive me
 My Saviour and my Friend. Amen.

130 *That they may all be one ; even as Thou, Father,
 art in Me, and I in Thee that they also may be in Us.*

S. S. and S. 386.

† Listen to the Saviour lowly
 Praying to the FATHER holy :
 "Thou in Me, and I in Thee,
 So in Us they one may be."
 Hearts are truer, friends are dearer,
 Earth is newer, heaven is nearer,
 All is better when we're one
 With the FATHER and the Son,

Listen to the Saviour praying,
 What is He, so earnest, saying ?
 " Mine are Thine, and Thine are Mine,
 These are Thine, O keep them Thine."
 Life is brighter, time is fleeter,
 Toil is lighter, rest is sweeter,
 All is better when we're one
 With the FATHER and the Son.

Listen to the Saviour pleading,
 For His brethren interceding :
 " Where I am there let them be,
 That My glory they may see."
 Darkness softens, burdens lighten,
 Heaven opens, prospects brighten,
 All is better when we're one
 With the FATHER and the Son.
 Amen.

131 *A Name which is above every name.*

178

O Jesus King most wonderful,
 Thou Conqueror renowned,
 Thou sweetness most ineffable,
 In Whom all joys are found!

When once Thou visitest the heart,
 Then truth begins to shine,
 Then earthly vanities depart,
 Then kindles love divine.

O Jesus light of all below,
 Thou fount of living fire,
 Surpassing all the joys we know,
 And all we can desire ;
 May every heart confess Thy name,
 And ever Thee adore ;
 And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
 To seek Thee more and more.
 Thee may our tongues for ever bless ;
 Thee may we love alone :
 And ever in our lives express
 The image of Thine own. Amen.

132 *Behold, I stand at the door and knock.*

198.

O Jesus Thou art standing
 Outside the fast-closed door,
 In lowly patience waiting
 To pass the threshold o'er :
 Shame on us, Christian brethren,
 His name and sign who bear,
 O shame, thrice shame upon us
 To keep Him standing there !
 O Jesus Thou art knocking :
 And lo ! that hand is scarred,
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,
 And tears Thy face have marred :
 O love that passeth knowledge
 So patiently to wait !
 O sin that hath no equal
 So fast to bar the gate !

O Jesus Thou art pleading
 In accents meek and low,
 "I died for you, My children,
 And will ye treat Me so?"
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow
 We open now the door;
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
 And leave us never more. Amen.

133

Apart from Me ye can do nothing.

302, B. 208

† Saviour! needs the world no longer
 To rejoice beneath Thy light?
 Have we lovers sweeter, stronger,
 Beams for us a sun more bright?
 Are we weary
 Of Thy mercy and Thy might?
 Mighty One, so high above us,
 Loving Brother, all our own,
 Who will help us, who will love us
 Like to Thee Who all hast known—
 Who hast provéd
 Darksome grave and heavenly throne?
 Who so gentle to the sinners
 As the soul that never fell?
 Who so strong to make us winners
 Of the height He won so well?
 Always victor
 Make Thine own invincible! Amen.

134 *Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.*

174.

We saw Thee not when Thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage home
In that despised Nazareth;
But we believe Thy footsteps trod
In streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

We did not see Thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,
“Forgive, they know not what they do;”
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
“Why seek the living with the dead?”

We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst thro' the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe Thy faithful word,
And trust in our Redeeming Lord. Amen.

135 *I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*

, 252 (1), B. 624.

O Thou great Friend to all the sons of
men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise
below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call Thy brethren forth from want
and woe!

We look to Thee: Thy truth is still the
light
Which guides the nations, groping on
their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes! Thou art still the Life; Thou art the
Way
The holiest know; Light, Life, and Way
of heaven!
And they who dearest hope, and deepest
pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which Thou
hast given. Amen.

136 *A Lamb without blemish and without spot*

476.

†O Saviour how I joy to think
 That Thou Who stoop'st to me,
 My sin-stained spirit's load to share
 From sin wert ever free!

We hail Thee now sweet Lamb of
 God

High throned in heavenly state,
 And glowing hearts confess Thee,
 Lord,

Sinless, immaculate !

On Mary's breast, in boyhood free,
 Through all Thy youth's calm days,
 In Nazareth town on Calvary's tree,
 All perfect were Thy ways.

We hail, &c.

How didst Thou toil, my loving Lord !

Through years of care and strife,
 Yet though beset by every snare,
 Thine was a spotless life.

We hail, &c.

Poor doubting souls who see Thee not

Tell us this cannot be,
 Reveal Thyself that they may share
 Our bliss in knowing Thee.

We hail, &c.

The angel choirs that sing on high
 Nor weary night or day,
 To God's great glory raise this strain,
 And earth repeats the lay.

We hail, &c. Amen.

137

Come, Lord Jesus.

380.

† Lord Jesus ! come ; for here
 Our path through wilds is laid ;
 We watch as for the day-spring near
 Amid the breaking shade.

Lord Jesus ! come ; for hosts
 Meet on the battle plain :
 The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
 And tears are shed like rain.

Lord Jesus ! come ; for still
 Vice shouts her maniac mirth ;
 The famished crave in vain their fill,
 While teems the fruitful earth.

Hark ! herald voices near
 Lead on Thy happier day :
 Come, Lord, and our Hosannas hear ;
 We wait to strew Thy way.

Come, as in days of old,
 With words of grace and power :
 Gather us all within Thy Fold,
 And never leave us more. Amen.

138

Jesus only.

109. B. 200.

Am I wrong in loving Jesus
 For His pity, mercy, love ;
 And in trusting to Him only
 For the better life above ?

Do not drive my spirit from Him ;
Do not tell me He'll not hear :
Often have I found Him precious ;
Often has He calmed my fear.

Many times He's been my helper,
And He'll not desert me now.
Still to me He'll be a Saviour ;
Still to Him I'll humbly bow.

I can trust Him ;—I can trust Him
With my life, my soul, my all ;
Never will He see me perish ;
Never will He let me fall. Amen.

139

Love not the world.

564.

Jesu, be ne'er forgot—
That the world hurt us not !
False is she, proud and cold,
False are her gifts and gold.

Jesu, be ne'er forgot—
That honour hurt us not !
Brittle as glass her throne,
Worthless as straws her crown.

Jesu, be ne'er forgot—
That her pomp hurt us not !
Pomp and the praise of men
Vanish in mist again.

Jesu, be ne'er forgot—
 That the flesh hurt us not !
 Dust all, and merest show,
 What doth so fairly glow. Amen.

140 *The Lamb that hath been slain from the foundation
 of the world.*

215.

†The sacred Cross of Jesus
 Stands like a beacon light,
 To guide the storm-tossed wanderers
 Across the gloom of night ;
 Amidst the crash of tempests
 It stands for ever sure,
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 It shall for aye endure.

Beneath the Cross of Jesus
 I rest my weary soul,
 When life is dark and troubled,
 And floods of sorrow roll ;
 Upon His love I ponder,
 That led Him there to die,
 Till all my sorrows vanish,
 And heaven seems very nigh.

O blessed Cross of Jesus !
 O wondrous throne of love !
 From thee a radiance shineth
 That tells of heaven above ;
 In thee the Lord hath shown us
 The depths of truth and grace !
 In thee, as in a mirror,
 We see the FATHER's face. Amen.

141 *Far be it from me to glory, save in the Cross of our
Lord Jesus Christ.*

76.

†In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me ;
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
By the Cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Amen.

142 *When we rise, the cross ; when we lie down, the cross ; in our studies, the cross ; everywhere and at every time, the cross—shining more glorious than the sun.*

S. Chrysostom.

216.

The Cross, the Cross ! O bid it rise,
Mid clouds about it curled,
In bold relief against the skies,
Beheld by all the world :
A sign to myriads far and wide,
On every holy fane—
Meet emblem of the Crucified
For our transgressions slain.

The Cross, the Cross ! with solemn vow
And fervent prayer to bless,
Upon the new-born infant's brow,
The hallowed seal impress ;
A token that in coming years,
All else esteemed but loss,
He will press on through foes and fears,
The soldier of the Cross.

The Cross, the Cross ! upon the heart
O seal the signet well,
A safeguard sweet against each art
And stratagem of hell ;
A hope when other hopes shall cease,
And worth all hopes besides—
The Christian's blessedness and peace,
His joy and only pride.

The Cross, the Cross ! ye heralds blest
 Who in the saving Name
 Go forth to lands with sin oppressed
 The Cross of Christ proclaim !
 And so, mid idols lifted high,
 In truth and love revealed,
 It may be seen by every eye,
 And stricken souls be healed.
 The Cross ! dear Church the world is
 dark,
 And wrapped in shades of night,
 Yet lift but up within thy ark
 This source of living light—
 This emblem of our heavenly birth,
 And claim to things divine—
 So thou shalt go through all the earth,
 And ‘conquer in this sign.’ Amen.

143 *Let him deny himself and take up his cross.*
 65, Universalist.

Every bird that upward springs
 Bears the Cross upon his wings ;
 We without it cannot rise
 Upward to our native skies.
 Every ship that meets the waves
 By the Cross their fury braves :
 We, on life's wide ocean tossed,
 If we have it not are lost.
 Hope it gives us when distress,
 When we faint it gives us rest ;
 Satan's craft and satan's might
 By the Cross are put to flight.

That from sin earth might be free
 Jesus bore it ; so must we ;
 Ne'er through faintness lay it down :
 First the Cross, and then the Crown.
 Amen.

144 *Peace through the blood of His cross.*

538, B. 120

†To the Cross, O LORD, we bear,
 All the spirit's darker care :
 By the sense of sin oppressed,
 In the Cross we seek our rest.

There the way of peace appears
 Calm and bright 'mid strife and tears
 There the spirit's rest we see,
 Found alone, O GOD, in Thee.

By the patience of Thy Son,
 By the prayer, " Thy will be done,"
 By the love so strong in death,
 Blessing with the latest breath,

Teach us, LORD ; our souls inspire.
 Kindle now the sacred fire !
 Melt our hardness, bend our pride.
 Make us one with Him Who died.

Amen.

L.

145 *The Lord, strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.*

42, B. 377.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass !
Ye bars of iron yield !
And let the King of glory pass,
The Cross is in the field.

That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from
far
His servants to the fight.

A holy war those servants wage,
Mysteriously at strife,
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post.

Follow the Cross, the ark of peace
Accompany your path,
To slaves and sinners bring release
From bondage and from wrath.

Uplifted are the gates of brass ;
The bars of iron yield ;
Behold the King of glory pass :
The Cross hath won the field !

Amen.

146 *A better country, that is, a heavenly.*

183.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
'Twas thus to Israel Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured eyes :

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Amen.

147

There is one Body.

178 (2).

The saints on earth and those above
 But one communion make ;
 Joined to their LORD in bonds of love,
 All of His grace partake.
 One family, we dwell in Him,
 One Church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
 One army of the living God,
 To His command we bow ;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
 Lo ! thousands to their endless home
 Are swiftly borne away ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And soon must launch as they.
 O God in Jesus be our guide !
 Then, when Thy word is given,
 Shall death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven ! Amen.

148

The things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal.

229

*The roseate hues of early dawn,
 The brightness of the day,
 The crimson of the sunset sky,
 How fast they fade away !
 O for the pearly gates of heaven,
 O for the golden floor,
 O for the Sun of righteousness
 That setteth nevermore !

The highest hopes we cherish here,
 How fast they tire and faint ;
 How many a spot defiles the robe
 That wraps an earthly saint !
 O for a heart that never sins,
 O for a soul washed white,
 O for a voice to praise our King,
 Nor weary day nor night !

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
 And grace to lead us higher ;
 But there are perfectness, and peace,
 Beyond our best desire.
 O guard us, LORD, by love and power
 Throughout the evil day,
 Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
 Nor cast our crown away. Amen.

149 *God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.*

222. .

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed Saints
 Throng up the steeps of light :
 'Tis finished ! all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin ;
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky !
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made !
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid !

O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign :
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home ;
Shew in the heavens Thy promised sign ;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.
Amen.

150 *A great multitude which no man could number. . .
standing before the throne.*

436 (2).

*Hark, the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea
Alleluia, Alleluia
Alleluia, LORD, to Thee.
Multitude which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands
Clothed in white apparel holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch, and holy Prophet
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr and Evangelist.
Saintly Maiden, godly Matron
Widows who have watched to prayer
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the LORD of all, are there.

Marching with the Cross their banner
They have triumphed following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered ;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And, by death, to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
 Now they walk in golden light,
 Now they drink as from a river
 Holy bliss and infinite;
 Love and peace they taste for ever,
 And all truth and knowledge see
 In the beatific vision
 Of the blessed Unity. Amen.

151

Our citizenship is in heaven.

233.

Jerusalem on high
 My song and city is,
 My home whene'er I die,
 The centre of my bliss:
 O happy place!
 When shall I be,
 My God, with Thee,
 To see Thy Face?

There dwells my Lord, my King,
 Judged here unfit to live;
 There angels to Him sing,
 And lowly homage give:
 O happy place! &c.

The Patriarchs of old
 There from their travels cease:
 The Prophets there behold
 Their longed-for Prince of Peace:
 O happy place! &c.

The Lamb's Apostles there
 I might with joy behold,
 The harpers I might hear
 Harping on harps of gold :
 O happy place! &c.

The bleeding Martyrs, they
 Within these courts are found ;
 Clothèd in pure array,
 Their scars with glory crowned ;
 O happy place! &c.

Ah me! ah me! that I
 In Kedar's tents here stay ;
 No place like that on high ;
 LORD, thither guide my way ;
 O happy place! &c. Amen.

152 *Whatsoever things God prepared for them that love Him.*

232 (2).

Light's abode, celestial Salem,
 Vision whence true peace doth spring
 Brighter than the heart can fancy,
 Mansion of the Highest King ;
 O how glorious are the praises
 Which of Thee the prophets sing !
 There for ever and for ever
 Alleluia is outpoured ;
 For unending, for unbroken
 Is the feast-day of the LORD ;
 All is pure and all is holy
 That within Thy walls is stored.

There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air :
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there ;
There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.
Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed. Amen.

153

The rock was Christ.

184.

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar through tracts unknown,
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

153

Latin Version. 398 repeat 3rd line.

Jesus pro me perforatus,
 Condar intra Tuum latus :
 Tu per lympham profluentem,
 Tu per sanguinem tepentem
 Tu peccata mî redunda,
 Tolle culpam, sordes munda.
 Coram Te nec justus forem
 Quamvis totâ vi laborem,
 Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
 Fletu stillans indefesso :
 Tibi soli tantum munus,
 Salva Tu, Salvator unus.
 Nil in manu mecum fero,
 Sed me versus Crucem gero ;
 Vestimenta nudus oro,
 Opem debilis imploro,
 Fontem Christi quæro immundus
 Nisi laves moribundus.
 Dum hos artus vita regit,
 Quando nox sepulchro tegit,
 Mortuos cum stare jubes
 Sedens Judex inter nubes
 Jesus pro me perforatus
 Condar intra Tuum latus. Amen.

154 *I will dwell in Thy tabernacle for ever.*

28 (3).

Forth from the dark and stormy sky,
 LORD, to Thine altar's shade we fly :
 Fort from the world, its hopes and fear,
 FATHER, we seek Thy shelter here :
 Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray,
 Turn not, O LORD, Thy guests away !

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
 Long have we sought Thy rest in vain ;
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest tossed,
 Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ;
 Turn not, O LORD, Thy guests away.

Amen.

155 *Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*

254 (2).

Art thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distrest ?

“ Come to me,” saith One, “ and coming,
 Be at rest ! ”

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my guide ?

“ In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His side.”

Hath He diadem as monarch
 That His brow adorns ?

“ Yea, a crown, in very surety,
 But of thorns.”

If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon here ?
 " Many a labour, many a sorrow,
 Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last ?
 " Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
 Jordan past."

If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay ?
 " Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away !"

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless ?
 " Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
 Answer,—Yes."

156

The time is shortened.

288.

* A few more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,
 And we shall be with those that rest
 Asleep within the tomb :
 Then, O my LORD, prepare
 My soul for that great day,
 O cleanse me in Thy boundless love,
 And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
 O'er these dark hills of time,
 And we shall be where suns are not,
 A far serener clime :
 Then, O my LORD, prepare
 My soul for that bright day, &c,
 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild rocky shore,
 And we shall be where tempests cease
 And surges swell no more :
 Then, O my LORD, prepare
 My soul for that calm day, &c.

A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more :
 Then, O my LORD, prepare
 My soul for that blest day, &c.

'Tis but a little while,
 And He shall come again,
 Who died that we might live, Who lives
 That we with Him may reign :
 Then, O my LORD, prepare
 My soul for that glad day, &c.

Amen.

157 *As one whom his mother comforteth so will I
 comfort you.* 113.

Baby Jesus, Who dost lie
 Far above that stormy sky,
 In Thy Mother's pure caress,
 Stoop and save the motherless.

Happy birds ! whom Jesus leaves
Underneath His sheltering eves ;
There they go to play and sleep,
May not I go in to weep ?

Jesus let me enter in,
Wrap me safe from noise and sin ;
Let me list the angels' songs,
See the picture of Thy wrongs ;

Let me kiss Thy wounded feet,
Drink Thine incense faint and sweet,
While the clear bells call Thee down
From Thine everlasting throne.

At Thy doorstep low I bend,
Who have neither kin nor friend ;
Let me here a shelter find,
Shield the shorn lamb from the wind.

Amen.

158 *We have not here an abiding city, but we seek after
the city which is to come.*

225.

Brief life is here our portion ;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

But He, Whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known ;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

There God, our King and Portion,
In fullness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face. Amen.

159*Rest in the Lord.*

522.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak,
 To bear an untried pain,
 The bruised reed he will not break,
 But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside the silent sea,
 I wait the muffled oar :
 No harm from Him can come to me
 On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air ;
 I only know I cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care. Amen.

160

The fellowship of His sufferings.

492.

O'er Kedron's streams and Salem's height,
 And Olivet's brown steep,
 Moves the majestic queen of night,
 And throws from heaven her silvery light,
 And sees the world asleep ;

All but the children of distress,
 Of trial, grief, and care,
 Whom sleep, though prayed for, will not
 bless ;

These leave the couch of restlessness,
 To breathe the cool calm air.

'Tis a religious hour ;—for He
 Who many a grief shall bear
 In His own body on the tree,
 Is kneeling in Gethsemane,
 In agony and prayer.

O Holy FATHER, when the light
 Of earthly joy grows dim,
 May hope in Christ grow strong and bright
 To all who kneel, in sorrows night
 In trust and prayer, like Him. Amen.

161 *Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind
 is stayed on Thee.* 537.

*Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of
 sin?

The voice of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties
 press'd?

To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging
 round?

On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far
 away?

In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
 Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us
 and ours?

Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its
 powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall
 cease.

And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect
 peace. Amen.

162 *Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.*

399.

*When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Son of man, be near.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Jesu, Son of man, be near.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled the mortal bier ;
Jesu, Son of man, be near.

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of man, be near.

When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear. Amen.

163 *He had compassion on her.*

121.

Wake not, O mother, sounds of lamentation!
Weep not, O widow, weep not hopelessly!
Strong is His arm the Bringer of Salvation ;
Strong is the Word of God to succour
thee.

Bear forth the cold corpse ; slowly, slowly
bear him :

Hide his pale features with the sable pall :
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near
him :

Widowed and childless she has lost her
all.

Why pause the mourners ? Who forbids our
weeping ?

Who the dark pomp of sorrow has
delayed ?—

“ Set down the bier ; he is not dead but
sleeping ;

Young man arise ! ” He spake and was
obeyed !

Change then, O sad one, grief to exultation :

Worship and fall before Messiah's knee ;
Strong was His arm, the Bringer of Salvation ;
Strong was the Word of God to succour
thee. Amen.

164 *For we have not a high priest that cannot be touched
with the feeling of our infirmities.*

511.

Jesus, Saviour, sympathise
With Thy servants' agonies ;
In Thy life-time Thou hast known
Racking pains that made Thee moan—
Pain of body, grief of mind,
Shame and suffering combined.

With Thy sanctifying hand
 Touch me gently and command
 Some soft drops of dewy balm
 To be shed with potent charm ;
 Comfort was to Thee imparted,
 Comfort Thou, the broken hearted.—

Pain what power within thee lies,
 Mystery of mysteries ;
 That the holy and the just,
 Even Christ our Saviour must,
 Ere He gain full power to bless,
 Taste thee in thy bitterness !

Not to us the token thou
 Of an angry FATHER's brow ;
 Rather of His willingness
 To renew, receive and bless ;
 Welcome then be thou to me
 In thy sharpest agony.

Only, in that solemn hour,
 Let me feel, O God of power,
 That Thy gentle hand alone
 Gives the pain that makes me moan ;
 High experience let me gain,
 Fortitude in suffering pain. Amen.

165

Thy will be done.

264, E. H. 85.

My GOD, my FATHER, while I stray,
 Far from my home on life's rough way,
 O teach me from my heart to say,
 Thy will be done.

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

If thou should'st call me to resign,
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;
I only yield Thee what is thine,
Thy will be done.

E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee,
Thy will be done.

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;
Thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
Thy will be done.

Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore
Thy will be done. Amen.

166

Continuing steadfastly in prayer.

607.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Put earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above
Will reach His throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

When e'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 On Him Who saveth call !
 Remember in thy gladness,
 His love, Who gave thee all !
 O not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare,
 The grace our FATHER gives us
 To pour our souls in prayer.

Amen.

167

Pray without ceasing.

70, B. II. (Universalist).

Come at the morning hour,
 Come, let us kneel and pray ;
 Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,
 To walk with God all day.

At noon, beneath the Rock
 Of Ages, rest and pray ;
 Sweet is that shelter from the sun,
 In weary heat of day.

At evening in thy home,
 Around its altar pray ;
 And finding there the house of God,
 With heaven then close the day.

When midnight veils our eyes,
 O it is sweet to say
 I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
 With Thee to watch and pray! Amen.

168

The Word became flesh.

290.

O Love, O Life, our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one ;
As through transfigured clouds of white
We trace the noonday sun.

So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We trace in Thee the Fatherhood,
The Heart of God revealed.

So to the contrite spirit yet
A present help is He ;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Gallilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain :
We touch Him in life's throng and
press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are
said,
Our lips of childhood frame ;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

O Lord and Saviour of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
And form our lives by Thine.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
 In differing phrase we pray ;
 But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
 The Life, the Truth, the Way. Amen.

169 *Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.*

584.

* Sons of labour, dear to Jesus,
 To your homes and work again ;
 Go with brave hearts back to duty,
 Face the peril bear the pain.
 Be your dwelling ne'er so lowly,
 Yet remember, by your bed,
 That the Son of God most holy
 Had not where to lay His head.

Sons of labour pray—for Jesus,
 O how Jesus prayed for you !
 In the moonlight, on the mountain,
 Where the shimmering olives grew.
 When you rise up at the dawning,
 Ere to toil you wend your way,
 Pray, as He prayed in the morning,
 Long before the break of day.

Sons of labour, be like Jesus,
 Undefiled, chaste and pure ;
 And though evil tempt you sorely,
 By His grace you shall endure.
 Husband, father, son and brother,
 Be ye gentle, just, and true,—
 Be ye kind to one another,
 As the Lord is kind to you.

Sons of labour, seek for Jesus
 Where He tells you ye shall find,
 In the children, 'mid the mourners,
 In the sick, poor, lame, and blind,—
 "Search the Scriptures," He entreats
 you,
 For of Me they testify;
 Love His altar, where He meets you,
 Saying, "Fear not,—It is I."
 Sons of labour, go to Jesus
 In your sorrow, shame and loss;
 He is nearest, you are dearest,
 When you bravely bear His Cross.
 Go to Him, Who died to save you,
 And is still the sinner's friend;
 And the great love which forgave you,
 Will forgive you to the end.
 Sons of labour, live for Jesus,
 Be your work, your worship too,
 In His name and to His glory,
 Do whate'er you find to do;
 Till this night of sin and sorrow
 Be for ever overpast,
 And we see the golden morrow,
 Home with Jesus, home at last!
Amen.

170

We are brethren.

282.

† All men are equal in their birth,
 Heirs of the earth and skies:
 All men are equal when that earth
 Fades from their dying eyes.

All wait alike on Him Whose power
Upholds the life He gave ;
The sage within his star-lit tower,
The savage in his cave.

God meets the throngs who pay their
vows
In courts their hands have made ;
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees
And speaks of high and low ;
And worships those and tramples these
While the same path they go.

O let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love ;
In power and wealth exult no more,
In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great, renounce your earth-born
pride !
Ye low, your shame and fear !
Live, as ye worship, side by side ;
Your brotherhood revere ! Amen.

171 *Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord.*

Congreg: Ch. Hl. 655, "Commonwealth."

When wilt Thou save the people,
O GOD of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O GOD, are they;
Let them not pass like weeds away—
Their heritage a sunless day.
GOD save the people!

Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O FATHER,
That man should toil for wrong?
No! say Thy mountain, No! Thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs.
GOD save the people!

When wilt Thou save the people,
O GOD of mercy, when?
The people, LORD, the people
Not thrones and crowns but men!
GOD save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thine angels fair;
From vice oppression and despair
GOD save the people! Amen.

172 *Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that
He send forth labourers into His harvest.*

590.

Thy world wants men, dear FATHER,—manly
men,

And always earnest, pure-souled women too,
To join in holy chorus and prolong
The psalm of labour and the song of love.

Thy world wants statesmen, FATHER,—men
to shape

The doubtful destinies of dubious years;
To land the ark that bears their country's
good

Safe on some peaceful mountain top at last.

Thy world wants heroes, LORD, and heroines
too,

To take the monster error by the throat,
To blot the era of oppression out,
And lead Thine universal freedom in. Amen.

173 *Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and light unto my
path.*

532.

Church of the living God,
Pillar and ground of truth,
Keep the old paths the fathers trod
In thy illumined youth.

Once to the saints was given
All blessed gospel lore;
There written down in words from
heaven
Thou hast it evermore.

Fear not though doubts abound,
And scoffing tongues deride ;
Love of GOD's Word finds surer ground,
Where to the utmost tried.

Toil at Thy sacred text,
More fruitful grows the field ;
Each generation for the next
Prepares a richer yield.

GOD's Spirit in the Church
Still lives unspent, untired,
Inspiring hearts that fain would search
The truths Himself inspired.

Move Holy Ghost with might
Amongst us as of old ;
Dispel the falsehood, and unite
In true faith the true fold ! Amen.

174*Let him take up his cross.*

13.

Am I a soldier of the Cross,
And pledged to bear its shame ?
And shall I fear to own Christ's cause,
Or blush to speak His name ?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?

Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Shall sloth and faintness win Thy peace,
 O Thou, the Martyrs' God!
 The fearless heart Thou wilt sustain;
 Increase my courage, LORD!
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.
 The saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
 When Thy illustrious day shall rise,
 And all Thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be Thine. Amen.

175 *Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of hosts.*

161.

Bright the vision that delighted
 Once the sight of Judah's seer;
 Sweet the countless tongues united
 To entrance the prophet's ear.
 Round the LORD in glory seated
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Filled His temple, and repeated
 Each to each the alternate hymn;
 "LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven;
 Earth is with its fulness stored;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy, LORD."

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
 "LORD of hosts, LORD GOD most
 High."

With His seraph train before Him,
 With His holy Church below,
 Thus unite we to adore Him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow ;

"LORD, Thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto Thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy, LORD. Amen.

176

Fight the good fight.

540.

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
 Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right :
 Lay hold on life and it shall be
 Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good
 grace,
 Lift up thine eyes and seek His face :
 Life with its way before us lies,
 Christ is the path and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide ;
 His boundless mercy will provide ;
 Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
 Christ is its life and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
 He changeth not, and thou art dear ;
 Only believe and thou shalt see
 That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

177 *For you therefore which believe is the preciousness.*
 176.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.

Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place,
 My never-failing treasury filled
 With boundless stores of grace.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought :
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath :
 And may the music of Thy name
 Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

178 *I am a Rose of Sharon, a Lily of the valleys.*
630.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay :
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy FATHER's shrine !
Thy years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine.

O God ! dependent on Thy breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own ! Amen.

179 *Be ye therefore imitators of God as beloved children.*

175.

* Children of the Heavenly King !
As ye journey, sweetly sing :
Sing your Maker's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways !

Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, brethren ; lo ! we stand
On the borders of our land ;
Jesus, from its summit won,
Bids you undismayed go on.

LORD ! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. Amen.

180

Watch and pray.

269.

" Christian ! seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy guardian angel say ;
Thou art in the midst of foes ;
" Watch and pray."

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours :
" Watch and pray."

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
 Wear it ever night and day :
 Ambushed lies the evil one ;
 " Watch and pray."

Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
 Still they mark each warrior's way ;
 All with one sweet voice exclaim,
 " Watch and pray."

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
 Him thou lovest to obey ;
 Hide within thy heart His word,
 " Watch and pray."

Watch, as if on that alone
 Hung the issue of the day ;
 Pray, that help may be sent down :
 " Watch and pray."
 Amen.

181 *Suffer hardship with me as a good soldier of
 Christ Jesus.*

47.

Christian warrior ! faint not, fear not !
 Though thy foes press thickly round :
 Scorn to yield, as those who hear not
 The glad Gospel's trumpet sound !

Christian warrior ! ne'er unarm thee
 When, in flattering pleasure's guise,
 The subtle foe would fear to alarm thee ;—
 Christian sentinel, be wise !

Wearied warrior, still assure thee,
 "As thy day thy strength shall be;"
 When thou'st borne the battle's fury,
 Turn not at its close and flee.

Lo! the clouds of war are clearing;
 Foes are waxing faint and few;
 Through their scattered ranks appearing,
 Zion's towers expand to view!

Christian warrior! grace protect Thee!
 Watch and pray, and onward hie!
 Zion's herald hosts expect thee,
 Angel bards of victory! Amen.

† Come kingdom of our God,
 Sweet reign of light and love!
 Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
 And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
 Extend Thy healing reign;
 There raise and quench the sacred thirst
 That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God!
 And make the broad earth thine;
 Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
 That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree ;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

Come, kingdom of our God !
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless His own.
Amen.

183

My peace I give unto you.

372.

†Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make My paths your choice :
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's
scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise :

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
Guilt in strong remorse who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
A wounded spirit who can bear !

Sinner come ! for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound ;
 Peace, that ever shall endure,
 Rest, eternal, sacred, sure. Amen.

184 *Upon His head are many diadems.*

304.

* Crown Him with many crowns,
 The Lamb upon His throne ;
 Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns
 All music but its own :
 Awake, my soul, and sing
 Of Him Who died for thee,
 And hail Him as thy matchless King
 Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of love,
 Behold His hands and side,
 Rich wounds yet visible above
 In beauty glorified ;
 No angel in the sky
 Can fully bear that sight,
 But downward bends His burning eye
 At mysteries so bright.

Crown Him the Lord of peace,
 Whose power a sceptre sways,
 From pole to pole that wars may cease,
 And all be prayer and praise :
 His reign shall know no end,
 And round His piercèd feet
 Fair flowers of paradise extend
 Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown Him sweet Mary's Son,
 Our Love Incarnate born,
 Whose arm those glorious trophies won
 Which now His brow adorn :
 All hail, Redeemer, hail,
 For Thou hast died for me ;
 Thy praise shall never never fail
 Throughout eternity. Amen.

185 *The Faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints.*

370 or Cr. of J. Music.

Faith of our fathers, living still,
 In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword,
 O how our hearts beat high with joy
 Whene'er we hear that glorious word !
 Faith of our fathers, holy Faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
 Were still in heart and conscience free ;
 And sweet would be their children's fate
 If they, like them, could die for thee.
 Faith of our fathers, holy Faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, we will love
 Both friend and foe in all our strife,
 And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,
 By kindly words and virtuous life.
 Faith of our fathers, holy Faith,
 We will be true to thee till death. Amen.

186

Lay hold on the life eternal.

239, B. 140

Fight the good fight ; lay hold
Upon eternal life ;
Keep but thy shield, be bold,
Stand through the hottest strife ;
Invincible while in the field,
Thou canst not fail unless thou yield.

No force of earth or hell,
Though fiends with men unite,
Truth's champion can compel,
However pressed, to flight ;
No powers of darkness in the field
Can tread thee down, unless thou yield.

Trust in thy Saviour's might ;
Yea, till thy latest breath,
Fight, and, like Him in fight,
By dying conquer death ;
Invincible upon the field,
Thou canst not fall, unless thou yield.

Great words are these, and strong,
Yet, Lord, I look to Thee,
To whom alone belong
Valour and victory ;
With Thee, my Captain in the field,
I must prevail, I cannot yield. Amen.

187

Put on the whole armour of God.

603, H. and C. S. 4(1)

†Holy saints and angels ever
Fill Thy heavenly courts with praise,
Yet, dear FATHER, stoop and listen
To the hymn Thy children raise :
Keep us, FATHER, thro' the struggle,
And when on it sets the sun,
Scarred and wounded, but victorious,
May we hear Thy high 'Well done.'

Songs of saints are songs of triumph,
They have conquered in the fight,
Left behind them sin and sorrow,
Passed from darkness into light.
Keep us, FATHER, &c.

We are standing, LORD, and waiting,
In the morning sunshine still
On the edge of life's great battle,
For the signal of Thy will.
Keep us, FATHER, &c.

Buckling on the heavenly armour
We must wear if we would win ;
Learning eagerly the watchword :
Love of GOD and hate of sin.
Keep us, FATHER, &c. Amen.

188

Lovest thou Me ?

260.

Hark my soul ! it is thy Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
“ Say poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?

“ I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

“ Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

“ Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

“ Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of My throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ? ”

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee and adore ;
O for grace to love Thee more. Amen.

189 *The night is far spent and the day is at hand.*

223 (2)

Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are
swelling

O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-
beat shore:

How sweet the truth those blessèd strains
are telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,

Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,

"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you
come:"

And through the dark, its echoes sweetly
ringing,

The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus, &c.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and
sea;

And laden souls, by thousands meekly
stealing,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to
Thee.

Angels of Jesus, &c.

Rest comes at length; though life be long
and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night
be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will
come at last.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches
keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with
weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless
love.
Angels of Jesus, &c. Amen.

190 *He that cometh to Me shall not hunger, and he
that believeth on Me shall never thirst.*

257.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water,—thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my star, my sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done. Amen.

191 *Behold, I am alive for evermore.*

278.

†Immortal by their deed and word,
 Like light around them shed,
 Still speak the prophets of the LORD,
 Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood
 Yet floats upon the air;
 We hear it in beatitude,
 In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
 Shines star-like on our way,
 And breathes its calm amid the strife
 And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life for evermore,
 That life of duty here—
 The trust that in the darkest hour
 Looked forth and knew no fear !

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on !
 Speed on Thy conquering way,
 Till every heart the FATHER own,
 And all His will obey ! Amen.

192

Sow beside all waters.

148 (1).

In the name of God advancing,
 Sow thy seed at morning light ;
 Cheerily the furrows turning,
 Labour on with all thy might.
 Look not to the far-off future,
 Do the work which nearest lies,
 Sow thou must before thou reapst,
 Rest at last is labour's prize.

Standing still is dangerous ever,
 Toil is meant for mankind now ;
 Let there be, when evening cometh,
 Honest sweat upon thy brow.
 And the Master shall come smiling,
 When work stops at set of sun,
 Saying as He pays thy wages,
 " Good and faithful one well done ! "
 Amen.

193 *Wherefore also God highly exalted Him, and gave unto Him the name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow*

306

* In the name of Jesus
 Every knee shall bow,
 Every tongue confess Him
 Lord of glory now;
 'Tis the FATHER's pleasure
 We should call Him Lord,
 Who to everlasting
 Is the mighty Word.

Humbled for a season,
 He received a name
 From the lips of sinners
 Unto whom He came,
 Faithfully He bore it
 Spotless to the last,
 Bore it up victorious,
 When from death He passed :

Bore it up triumphant,
 With its human light,
 Through all ranks of creatures,
 To the central height ;
 To the throne of GODHEAD,
 To the FATHER's breast,
 Filled it with the glory
 Of that perfect rest.

Name Him, brothers, name Him,
 With love as strong as death,
 But with awe and wonder,
 And with 'bated breath;
 He is Christ the Saviour,
 He is Christ the Lord,
 Ever to be followed,
 Trusted, and adored.

In your hearts enthrone Him;
 There let Him subdue
 All that is not holy,
 All that is not true:
 Crown Him as your Captain
 In temptation's hour;
 Let His will enfold you
 In its light and power.

Brothers, this Lord Jesus
 Shall return again,
 With His FATHER's glory,
 In the souls of men;
 For all wreaths of empire
 Meet upon His brow,
 And our hearts confess Him
 Lord of glory now. Amen.

194

Follow me.

403, B. 204.

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
 Of this world's wild, restless sea
 Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
 Saying, "Christian, follow Me:"

As of old saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

Jesus calls us : by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.
Amen.

195 *Light shall shine upon thy ways.*

266, B. 618.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,

Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home,—

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ! I do not ask to see

The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on !

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will ; remember not past
years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it
still

Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;

And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile. Amen.

196

Christ, Who is the image of God.

592.

† O Son of GOD ! Thy children we ;
Train us in holiness :
As Thou the FATHER's image bore,
Thine own on us impress.

O Bread of GOD ! our natures crave
The lost beatitude :
The FATHER gave Thee meat unknown ;
Give us Thy flesh and blood.

O vine of GOD ! of Thee bereft
Our virtues wilt and die :
Thou wert the FATHER's tender care,
Shield us when danger's nigh.

O Shepherd guard Thy little flock ;
 Keep us from strife and guile ;
 Serene our life ; be our life's close
 Calm as a summer isle.

O Crucified ! we share Thy Cross ;
 Thy passion too sustain ;
 We die Thy death, to live Thy life,
 And rise with Thee again.

O Glorified ! Thy glory breaks ;
 Our new-born spirits sing ;
 Salvation cometh with the morn ;
 Hope spreads a heavenward wing.
 Amen.

197 *The fellowship of His sufferings.*

224.

* O happy band of pilgrims,
 If onward ye will tread
 With Jesus as your Fellow
 To Jesus as your Head !

O happy, if ye labour
 As Jesus did for men ;
 O happy, if ye hunger
 As Jesus hungered then !

The Cross that Jesus carried
 Ye carry in His love :
 The crown that Jesus weareth
 Ye too shall wear above.

The faith by which ye see Him,
 The hope in which ye yearn ;
 The love that through all troubles,
 To Him alone will turn,

The trials that beset you,
 The sorrows ye endure,
 The manifold temptations
 That death alone can cure,

What are they but His jewels
 Of right celestial worth ?
 What are they but the ladder
 Set up to heaven, on earth ?

O happy band of pilgrims,
 Look upward to the skies,
 Where such a light affliction
 Shall win so great a prize. Amen.

198

Look up and lift up your heads.

177 (2).

O, sometimes gleams upon our sight
 Through present wrong the Eternal Right!
 And step by step, since time began,
 We see the steady gain of man ;—

That all of good the past hath had
 Remains to make our own time glad,
 Our common daily life divine,
 And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
 A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
 Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of
 fear,
 A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
 For olden time and holier shore ;
 God's love and blessing, then and there,
 Are now and here and everywhere. Amen.

199 *This is the way, walk ye in it.*

178 (2)

O it is hard to work for God,
 To rise and take His part
 Upon this battle-field of earth,
 And not sometimes lose heart !

He hides Himself so wondrously,
 As though there were no God ;
 He is least seen when all the powers
 Of ill are most abroad.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
 The instinct that can tell
 That God is on the field, when He
 Is most invisible !

Blest, too, is he who can divine
 Where real right doth lie,
 And dares to take the side that seems
 Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men !
And learn to lose with God !
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin. Amen.

200*Peace be unto you.*

122.

† Part in peace ! Is day before us,
Praise His name for life and light ;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us,
Bless His care who guards the night.

Part in peace ! With deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace ! Such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best ;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest. Amen.

201

Quit you like men, be strong.

542

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
Ye soldiers of the Cross ;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss :
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
The trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day.
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes ;
Let courage rise with danger
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer ;
When duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there !

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor song.
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be,
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally. Amen.

202 *Narrow is the gate and straightened the way that
leadeth unto life.*

347.

Silent, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road,
That leads to life, to truth, to GOD.

We fling aside the weight, the sin,
Resolved the victory to win ;
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendour of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
From Christian toil our limbs to keep,
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight.

No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please,
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

What though with weariness oppressed,
 'Tis but a little, and we rest ;
 Finished the toil, the race is run,
 The battle fought, the field is won.

Amen.

203 *They shall become one Flock, one Shepherd.*
 321, Universalist.

The day is fast approaching
 By prophets long foretold,
 When all shall dwell together,
 One Shepherd and one fold :
 When every senseless idol
 Shall to the dust be thrown,
 And every prayer be offered
 To GOD in Christ alone :
 When Jew and Gentile meeting
 From many a distant shore,
 Shall, round one altar kneeling,
 One common Lord adore ;
 When war shall be no longer,
 And strife and tumults cease,
 And earth become the kingdom
 Of Christ, the Prince of Peace.

The long expected dawning
 Breaks with its cheering ray,
 Already morning brightens,
 And shadows flee away.
 O blessed day of triumph,
 That cheers the watchers on
 To pray and hope and labour,
 Till the dark night be gone. Amen.

204

His mercy endureth for ever.

S. S. and S. 43.

There were ninety and nine that safely
lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold ;
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

“ Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and
nine ;
Are they not enough for Thee ?
But the Shepherd made answer : “ This of
Mine
Has wandered away from Me ;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find My sheep.”

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed ;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost,
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

" Lord, whence are those blood drops all
 the way
 That mark out the mountain's track ? "
 " They were shed for one who had gone
 astray
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back. "
 " Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent
 and torn ? "
 " They are pierced to-night by many a
 thorn ! "

And all through the mountains, thunder-
 riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
 " Rejoice ! I have found My sheep ! "
 And the angels echoed round the throne,
 " Rejoice, for the the Lord brings back
 His own ! " Amen.

205 *While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us* 332.

* There is a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall,
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,
 Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
 What pains He had to bear,
 But we believe it was for us
 He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
 He died to make us good,
 That we might go at last to heaven,
 Saved by the holy rood.

O dearly, dearly, has He loved,
 And we must love Him too,
 And trust Him with a faithful heart,
 And try His works to do. Amen.

206 *He is the Head of the body, the Church.*

215.

* The Church's one foundation
 Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
 She is His new creation
 By water and the word :
 From heaven He came and sought her
 To be His holy Bride ;
 With His own life He bought her,
 And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one Faith, one birth ;
 One Holy Name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy Food,
 And to one hope she presses
 With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore opprest,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distrest,
 Yet Saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.
 Mid toil, and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore;
 Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.
 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God and His dear Son,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won:
 O happy ones and holy!
 LORD, give us grace that we,
 Like them the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.
Amen.

207

Follow Me.

439 (2).

The Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain:
 His blood-red banner streams afar!
 Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears his cross below,
 He follows in His train !

The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave :
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong ;
 Who follows in His train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few
 On whom the Spirit came,
 Twelve valiant saints their hope they
 knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain !
 O God ! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train ! Amen.

208 *When thou vowest a vow unto God, defer not to
 pay it.* B. 543.

We covenant with hand and heart
 To follow Christ our Lord,
 With world, and sin, and self to part
 And to obey His word :
 To love each other heartily,
 In truth and in sincerity,
 And under cross, reproach, and shame,
 To gloryify His holy Name. Amen.

209 *Lord, I love the habitation of Thy house ; and
the place where Thy glory dwelleth.*

242.

- * We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thy glory dwells ;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.
It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet ;
And Thou, O LORD, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.
We love the sacred font ;
For there the holy dove
To pour is ever wont
His blessing from above.
We love Thine altar, LORD ;
O what on earth so dear ?
For there, in Christ adored,
We find Thy presence near.
We love the Word of life,
The Word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease,
We love to sing below
For mercies freely given ;
But, O we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.
Dear FATHER give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore. Amen.

210 *The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God.* 600.

Thou hidden love of God, whose height
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
 I see from far Thy beauteous light
 Inly I sigh for Thy repose ;
 My heart is pained, nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart
 To save me from low-thoughted care ;
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there ;
 Make me Thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may, " Abba, FATHER," cry !

Each moment draw from earth away
 My heart, that lowly waits Thy call ;
 Speak to my inmost soul, and say
 " I am thy Love, thy God, thy All " !
 To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
 To taste Thy love, be all my choice.
 Amen.

211 *To guide our feet into the way of peace.*

381.

† Feeble, helpless, how shall I
 Learn to live and learn to die ?
 Who, O God, my guide shall be ?
 Who shall lead Thy child to Thee ?

Blessed FATHER, gracious One !
 Thou hast sent Thy holy Son ;
 He will give the light I need,
 He my trembling steps will lead.

Through this world, uncertain, dim,
 Let me ever learn of Him ;
 From His precepts wisdom draw,
 Make His life my solemn law.

Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
 Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
 In my meekness thus shall I
 Learn to live, and learn to die ;—

Learn to live in peace and love,
 Like the perfect ones above ;
 Learn to die without a fear,
 Feeling Thee, my FATHER, near. Amen.

212

Ask for the old paths

“ Old things need not be therefore true,”¹⁴¹
 O brother men, nor yet the new ;
 Ah ! still awhile th’old thought retain,
 And yet consider it again !

The souls of now two thousand years
 Have laid up here their toils and fears,
 And all the earnings of their pain,—
 Ah, yet consider it again !

We ! what do we see ? each a space
 Of some few yards before his face ;
 Does that the whole wide world explain ?
 Ah, yet consider it again ! Amen.

213

Work . . . while it is day.

S. S. and S. 56.

Work, for the night is coming !
 Work, through the morning hours :
 Work, while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid springing flowers :
 Work when the day grows brighter,
 Work, in the glowing sun ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming !
 Work, through the sunny noon :
 Fill brightest hours with labour,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store ;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies !
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth, to shine no more ;
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er. Amen.

214 *And so shall we ever be with the Lord.*

231.

“ For ever with the LORD ! ”—
 Amen ; so let it be ;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.
 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

For ever with the LORD
 FATHER, if 'tis Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 E'en here to me fulfil.
 Be Thou at my right hand,
 Then can I never fail ;
 Uphold Thou me and I shall stand,
 Fight and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 “ For ever with the LORD ! ” Amen.

215

Lead me in the way everlasting.

12.

†Thou knowest, LORD ! Thou know'st my
 life's deep story,
 And all the mingled good and ill I do !
 Thou see'st my shame, my few stray
 gleams of glory,
 When I am false and when my soul rings
 true.

LORD, I am glad Thou know'st my inmost
 being ;
 Glad Thou dost search the secrets of my
 heart ;
 I would not hide one folly from Thy seeing,
 Nor shun Thy healing touch to save the
 smart.

Like warp and woof the good and ill are
 blended,
 Nor do I see the pattern that I weave ;
 Yet in Thy love the whole is comprehended,
 And in Thy hand my future lot I leave.

Only, dear LORD ! make plain the path of
 duty,
 Let not my shame and sorrow weigh me
 down,
 Lest in despair I fail to see its beauty,
 And, weeping vainly, miss the victor's
 crown ! Amen.

*H. W. Barker,**T. H. Barker,*

216 *To-day if ye shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts.*

The winds were howling o'er the deep,
Each wave a watery hill ;
The Saviour wakened from His sleep,
He spake, and all was still.

The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair ;
Woe to the traveller who strayed
With heedless footstep there !

He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
He heard those accents mild ;
And melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weaned child.

O madder than the raving man !
O deader than the sea !
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain to me !

Yet, could I hear Him once again
As I have heard of old,
Methinks He should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

O Thou that every thought canst know,
And answer every prayer !
O give me sickness, want or woe,
But snatch me from despair.

My struggling will by grace control,
 Renew my broken vow;
 What blessed light breaks on my soul?
 O, God! I hear Thee now. Amen.

217 *Press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.*

129.

† Press on, press on, ye sons of light!
 Untiring in your holy fight,
 Still treading each temptation down,
 And battling for a nobler crown.

Press on, press on! through toil and woe,
 Calmly resolved to triumph go,
 And make each dark and threatening ill
 Yield but a brighter glory still.

Press on, press on! still look in faith
 To Him Who vanquished sin and death;
 And, till ye hear His high "Well done,"
 True to the last—press on, press on!
 Amen.

218 *They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruninghooks.*

95.

While sounds of war are heard around,
 And death and ruin strew the ground,
 To Thee we look, on Thee we call,
 The Parent and the LORD of all!

Thou Who hast stamped on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a FATHER'S wide embrace
Hast cherished all the kindred race !

O see, with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battle wage ;
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers' blood.

See guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of hell deform the earth ;
While righteousness and justice mourn,
And love and pity droop forlorn.

Great God, Whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind !
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.

With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above,
" My creatures, live in mutual love."

Amen.

219 *How many are mine iniquities and sins.*

318.

All my sins, uprising now,
Wring my heart and brand my brow ;
Sins of childhood, sins of youth,
Despite done to grace and truth :
Is there mercy left for me ?—
Jesus died ! He died for thee.

Deeds and words and fancies vain
 Darker, deadlier, made the stain
 On the record kept on high,
 On my soul condemned to die ;
 Say what hope remains for me ?—
 Jesus prayed ! He prays for thee.

Once, far back in earlier years,
 I bedewed my couch with tears ;
 Now no gracious drops will flow
 From the deeper fount of woe ;
 Death and judgment wait for me !—
 Jesus wept ! He wept for thee.

Dare I lift my shameful face,
 I who trampled on His grace ?
 Dare I seek the throne of light,
 Where His saints are clad in white ?
 Jesus bends ; poor sinner, see !
 Rise, look up, He calleth thee ! Amen.

220

This do and thou shalt live.

349.

† What is the first and great command ?
 To love thy God above ;
 And what the second ? As thyself,
 Thy neighbour thou shalt love.

Who is my neighbour ? He who wants
 The help which Thou canst give ;
 And both the law and prophets say,
 “ This do, and thou shalt live.” Amen.

221

Who is my neighbour ?

626.

Who is thy neighbour? He whom thou
 Hast power to aid or bless ;
 Whose aching heart or burning brow
 Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the fainting poor,
 Whose eye with want is dim :
 O enter thou his humble door,
 With aid and peace for him !

Thy neighbour ? He who drinks the cup
 When sorrow drowns the brim :
 With words of high sustaining hope
 Go thou and comfort him !

Thy neighbour ? Pass no mourner by ;
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
 A breaking heart from misery :
 Go share thy lot with him ! Amen.

222

No one cometh unto the Father but by Me.

533. B. 175.

† "To the FATHER through the Son"
 Did the ancient ritual run ;
 So the Christian prayer was said,
 So the Christian vow was paid,
 Was the suppliant bending low
 Where the Nile's broad waters flow—

Joined he in the choral praise,
Which the Seven Churches raise ;
Worshipped he in gloom and fear,
Roman soldiers lingering near,
Still the holy prayer was one—
“ To the FATHER through the Son.”

Years have come, and years have gone,
And the Church no more is one ;
Other prayers to heaven arise,
Swell the new-made litanies ;
Single homage no more given
To the FATHER, GOD of heaven.

Only hoping, watching still,
Lonely light on lonely hill—
Scattered churches here and there,
Echo the Old Church's prayer :
Pray, as when the Church was one—
“ To the FATHER, through the Son.”

Years will come, when years have passed,
When God's truth grows clear at last,
When the broken links again
Clasp in one unbroken chain ;
When to all one grace is poured
From the Chalice of the Lord ;

When from vast cathedral pile,
 When from far-off coral isle,
 Rises one united prayer,
 Ringing through the ringing air :
 And that prayer, the same, the one—
 “ To the FATHER, through the Son.”
 Amen.

223 *He shall reign for ever and ever.*

220.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
 Doth his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His name.

Joy shall abound where'er He reigns,
 The prisoner leap to lose his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want be blest. Amen.

224 *I am the root and the offspring of David, the
 bright, the morning star.*

499.

Star of peace, to wanderers weary !
 Bright the beams that smile on me :
 Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
 Far, far at sea.

Star of hope ! gleam on the billow,
 Bless the soul that sighs for Thee :
 Bless the sailor's lonely pillow
 Far, far at sea.

Star of faith ! when winds are mocking
 All his toil, he flies to Thee ;
 Save him on the billows rocking,
 Far, far at sea.

Star divine ! O safely guide him ;
 Bring the wanderer home to Thee ;
 Sore temptations long have tried him,
 Far, far at sea. Amen.

225

The eyes of all wait upon Thee.

383

We plough the fields and scatter
 The good seed on the land ;
 But it is fed and watered
 By GOD's almighty hand ;
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes and the sunshine,
 And soft refreshing rain.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above,
 Then thank the LORD, O thank the
 LORD,
 For all His love !

He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far ;
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star ;
 The winds and waves obey Him,
 By Him the birds are fed ;
 Much more, to us, His children,
 He gives our daily bread.
 All good gifts around us, &c.

We thank Thee, then, O FATHER,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food ;
 Accept the gifts we offer
 For all Thy love imparts,
 And what Thou most desirest,
 Our humble, thankful hearts.
 All good gifts around us, &c. Amen.

226 *They joy before Thee according to the joy in
 harvest.*

382.

Come, ye thankful people come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home :
 All is safely gathered in,
 Ere the winter storms begin ;
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied ;
 Come to God's own Temple, come ;
 Raise the song of Harvest-home.

All the world is God's own field
 Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown :
 First the blade and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear.
 LORD of harvest grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the LORD our GOD shall come,
 And shall take His harvest home :
 From His field shall in that day
 All offences purge away ;
 Give His angels charge at last
 In the fire the tares to cast ;
 But the fruitful ears to store
 In His garner evermore.

Even so, LORD, quickly come,
 To Thy final Harvest-home ;
 Gather Thou Thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin,
 There for ever purified,
 In Thy garner to abide :
 Come, with all Thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-home ! Amen.

227 *Our holy and our beautiful House.*

560, B. 377.

† We love the venerable house,
 Our fathers built to God :
 In heaven are kept their grateful vows ;
 Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
From many a radiant face,
And prayers of tender hope have spread
A perfume through the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
The mystery of life,
And prayed the Eternal God to clear
Their doubts, and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
Came up the pensive strain,
And in the Church a blessing found
Which filled their homes again.

They live with God, their homes are dust;
But here their children pray,
And in this fleeting life-time trust
To find the narrow way.

On him who by the Altar stands,
On him Thy blessing fall!
Speak through his lips Thy pure com-
mands,
Thou Heart, that lovest all. Amen.

228 *Beautify the place of My sanctuary.*

O LORD look down in love divine,
Breathe on this Church and make it
Thine,

Thy blessings we implore!
LORD, let it be, in toil and strife,
A shelter from the storms of life,
For all who pass its door!

May those who heavy burdens bear,
Footsore and fainting, worn with care,
 Here lay their load aside ;
And weary ones, defiled with sin,
Who comfort crave these walls within,
 Be blest and purified !

May those who walk with trembling
 tread,
Here have their faltering footsteps led
 And strengthened go again !
Here may the glad of heart draw nigh,
And wait awhile to lift on high
 To Thee their thankful strain !

When touched by time's all changing
 hand
Grown grey and old, these walls shall
 stand,
 LORD, look upon them still !
O ! here may still Thy children meet,
To humbly worship at Thy feet,
 And learn to do Thy will.

Breathe on this Church and let its light
Shine on the darkness of the night,
 To welcome all who roam !
LORD, let it be in toil and strife,
A rest beside the road of life
 For pilgrims bound for home !
Amen.

THE RESTORATION OF A CHURCH.

229 *We are the servants of the God of heaven and earth, and build the house that was builded these many years ago.*

397

- Lift the strain of high thanksgiving !
 Tread with songs the hallowed way !
 Praise our fathers' God for mercies
 New to us their sons to-day :
 Here they built for Him a dwelling,
 Served Him here in ages past,
 Fixed it for His sure possession,
 Holy ground, while time shall last.
 When the years had wrought their changes,
 He, our own unchanging God,
 Thought on this His habitation,
 Looked on His decayed abode ;
 Heard our prayers, and helped our counsels,
 Blessed the silver and the gold,
 Till once more His house is standing
 Firm and stately as of old.
 Entering then Thy gates with praises,
 LORD, be ours Thine Israel's prayer ;
 " Rise into Thy place of resting,
 Shew Thy promised presence there !"
 Let the gracious word be spoken
 Here, as once on Sion's height,
 " This shall be My rest for ever,
 This My dwelling of delight."

Fill this latter house with glory
 Greater than the former knew ;
 Clothe with righteousness its priesthood,
 Guide its choir to reverence true ;
 Let Thy Holy Ghost's anointing
 Here its seven-fold blessing shed ;
 Spread for us the heavenly Banquet,
 Satisfy Thy poor with Bread.

Praise to Thee Almighty FATHER,
 Praise to Thee through Thy dear Son,
 Praise to Thee all quickening Spirit,
 Praise to Thee Thou glorious ONE ;
 Blessed power and grace and wisdom
 Moulding out of sinful clay
 Living stones for that true temple
 Which shall never know decay. Amen.

ALMSGIVING.

230 *All things come of Thee and of Thine own have
 we given Thee.*

446.

We give Thee but Thine own,
 Whate'er the gift may be,
 All that we have is Thine alone,
 A trust, O LORD, from Thee.
 May we Thy bounties thus
 As stewards true receive ;
 And gladly as Thou blessest us,
 To Thee our first-fruits give.

And hearts are bruised and dead,
 And homes are bare and cold;
 And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
 Are straying from the fold.

To comfort and to bless,
 To find a balm for woe,
 To tend the lone and fatherless,
 Is angels' work below.

The captive to release,
 To God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and peace,
 It is a Christlike thing.

And we believe Thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be,
 Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
 We do it unto Thee. Amen.

231 *Thou shalt not delay to offer of the abundance of
 thy fruits.*

339.

Fair waved the golden corn
 In Canaan's pleasant land,
 When full of joy, some shining morn,
 Went forth the reaper-band.

To God, so good and great,
 Their cheerful thanks they pour,
 Then carry to His temple-gate
 The choicest of their store.

For thus the holy word,
 Spoken by Moses, ran—
 “The first ripe ears are for the LORD,
 The rest He gives to man.”

Like Israel, LORD, we give
 Our earliest fruits to Thee,
 And pray that, long as we shall live,
 We may Thy children be.

Thine is our youthful prime,
 And life and all its powers;
 Be with us in our morning time,
 And bless our evening hours.

In wisdom let us grow,
 As years and strength are given,
 That we may serve Thy Church below,
 And join Thy saints in heaven.

Amen.

MISSIONARY.

232

Come over . . . and help us.

358.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases
 And only man is vile,
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name. Amen.

233 *Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that
 He send forth labourers into His harvest.*

189.

O still in accents sweet and strong
 Sounds forth the ancient word—
 "More reapers for white harvest fields,
 More labourers for the LORD."

We hear the call; in dreams no more,
 In selfish ease, we lie,
 But girded for our FATHER's work,
 Go forth beneath His sky.

Where prophet's word and martyr's
blood

And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labours entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

O Thou Whose call our hearts has
stirred,
To do Thy will we come :
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home. Amen.

234

Freely ye received, freely give.

362.

LORD, her watch Thy Church is keeping ;
When shall earth Thy rule obey ?
When shall end the night of weeping ?
When shall break the promised day ?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourer's toil ;
Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish ?
Shall the strong retain the spoil ?

Tidings sent to every creature
Millions yet have never heard ;
Can they hear without a preacher ?
LORD Almighty, give the word :
Give the word ; in every nation
Let the Gospel-trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation
To the earth's remotest bound.

Then the end : Thy Church completed,
 All Thy chosen gathered in,
 With their King in glory seated,
 Satan bound, and banished sin ;
 Gone for ever parting, weeping,
 Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain ;
 Lo ! her watch Thy Church is keeping,
 Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign. Amen.

235 *Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations.*
 116, B. 625.

Pour, blessed Gospel, glorious news for man !
 Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts
 roll :
 Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can
 span,
 And make one brotherhood from pole to
 pole.

On, piercing Gospel, on ! of every heart,
 In every latitude Thou own'st the key :
 From their dull slumbers savage souls shall
 start,
 With all their treasures first unlocked by
 Thee !

Tread, kingly Gospel, through the nations
 tread !

With all the civil virtues in Thy train :
 Be all to Thy blest freedom captive led ;
 And Christ, the true Emancipator, reign !

Spread, giant Gospel, spread Thy growing wings!

Gather thy scattered ones from every land:

Call home the wanderers to the King of kings:

Proclaim them all thine own—'tis Christ's command! Amen.

236 *My fellow-workers in Christ Jesus.*

356, H. & C. S. 82.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak

In living echoes of Thy tone;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek

Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, LORD, that I may lead

The wandering and the wavering feet;

O feed me, LORD, that I may feed

Thy hungry ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand

Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,

I may stretch out a loving hand

To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, LORD, that I may teach

The precious things Thou dost impart;

And wing my words, that they may reach

The hidden depths of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
 That I may speak with soothing power
 A word in season, as from Thee,
 • To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fulness, LORD,
 Until my very heart o'erflow
 In kindling thought and glowing word,
 Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, LORD, use even me,
 Just as Thou wilt, and when, and
 where,
 Until Thy blessèd face I see,
 Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.
 Amen.

FOR THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES.

237 *Thou shalt sanctify him therefore ; for he offereth
 the bread of thy God ; he shall be holy unto thee.*

606, B. 239.

Captain of our salvation, take
 The souls that here are trained for Thee,
 And fit for Thy great service make
 These heirs of immortality ;
 And let them in Thine image rise,
 And then transplant to paradise.

Unspotted from the world and pure
 Preserve them for Thy glorious cause,
 Accustomed daily to endure
 The welcome burden of Thy Cross ;
 Inured to toil and patient pain,
 Till all Thy perfect mind they gain.
 Train up Thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
 In all their Captain's steps to tread ;
 Then send them to proclaim Thy word,
 Thy Gospel through the world to spread ;
 Freely as they receive to give,
 And preach the death by which we live !
 Amen.

238

Young man I say unto thee, Arise.

305.

In life's earnest morning,
 When our hope was high,
 Came Thy voice in summons,
 Not to be put by :
 Nor in toil nor sorrow,
 Weakness nor dismay,
 Need we ever falter—
 Art not Thou our stay ?
 Teach us, LORD, Thy wisdom,
 While we seek men's lore ;
 May the mind be humbled
 As we know Thee more ;
 Let the larger vision
 Bring the childlike heart,
 And our deeper knowledge
 Holier zeal impart.

Should our faith be palsied
By the touch of doubt,
Should our hearts grow empty,
Faithless, undevout,
LORD, in mercy lead us
To our springs in Thee,
Where are healing waters
Plentiful and free.

Should Thy face be clouded
To our spirits' sight,
Speak through human kindness,
Shine through nature's light,
In the face of loved ones,
Or the ties of home—
Only, gracious FATHER,
To Thy children come.

Save us, LORD, from seeking
Earth's unhallowed goals ;
May our life-long passion
Be the love of souls ;
Let us live and labour,
FATHER, in Thy sight,
Through the grace of Jesus,
By the Spirit's might. Amen.

APOSTLES.

239 *Make disciples of all the nations, baptising them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.*

172.

† Forth went the heralds of the Cross,
No dangers made them pause ;
They counted all the world but loss,
For their great Master's cause.

Through looks of fire and words of scorn,
Serene their path they trod ;
And to the dreary dungeon borne,
Sang praises unto God,

Friends dropped the hand they clasped
before,
Love changed to cruel hate,
And home to them was home no more ;
Yet mourned they not their fate.

In all his dark and dread array,
Death rose upon their sight ;
But calmly still they kept their way,
And shrank not from the fight.

They knew to Whom their trust was given,
They could not doubt His word ;
Before them beamed the light of heaven,—
The presence of their Lord. Amen.

SAINTS.

240 *These which are arrayed in the white robes, who
are they, and whence came they ?*

427.

Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's Throne who stand ?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band ?
Alleluia, hark ! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness,
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand ?
Whence came all this glorious band ?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng ;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified ;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These, the ALMIGHTY contemplating,
 Did as priests before Him stand,
 Soul and body always waiting
 Day and night at His command :
 Now in GOD's most holy place
 Blest they stand before His face.
 Amen.

241 *Of whom the world was not worthy.*

523.

† Forth they come from royal palace,
 Forth they come from stately hall,
 Forth they come from happy homestead,
 Forth they come from cottage small.
 Forth from midst earth's toiling millions,
 Forth from every clime and land,
 With the Cross of Christ before them,
 On they go, a saintly band.

There behold the mighty martyrs,
 They who persecution dare,
 Holy men and faithful women,
 Who their brethren's burdens bear :
 There behold the meek and lowly,
 There the maimed and halt and blind,
 Who, through heavy tribulation
 Love their God and all mankind.

There behold earth's holy teachers,
 Leaders of the band below,
 Unto them the Spirit speaketh,
 Hidden things of GOD they know.
 Onward goes the grand procession,
 On through bright or cloudy days,
 Oft'times weary, oft'times weeping,
 Singing still their songs of praise.

Loud the storm may rage around them,
 As they journey through the land,
 But the glorious golden portals
 Open wide, before them stand ;
 'Midst the mighty songs of angels
 Tread they then GOD's city fair,
 Grant us grace, great LORD, to follow
 And to enter with them there. Amen.

242 *Imitators of them who through faith and patience
 inherit the promises.*

380.

For Thy dear Saints, O LORD !
 Who strove in Thee to live,
 Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
 Our grateful hymn receive.

For Thy dear Saints, O LORD !
 Accept our thankful cry,
 Who counted Thee their great reward,
 And strove in Thee to die.

R

They all, in life and death,
 With Thee, their LORD, in view,
 Learned, from Thy Holy Spirit's breath,
 To suffer and to do.

For this Thy name we bless,
 And humbly pray that we
 May follow them in holiness,
 And live and die in Thee. Amen.

243

Mary His Mother.

199.

† In simple Nazareth town there dwells
 Mary the Mother mild,
 And on her breast there lies at rest
 A little new-born Child.

O Mother Mary ! closer press
 Your Baby to your heart ;
 There comes a day when nothing may
 Allay its cruel smart.

Make sweet and pleasant for His feet
 The path, while still you may ;
 For steep and rough it yet shall be
 For many a weary day.

Those little feet have errands long
 For GOD and man to go ;
 Those little hands the chains must break
 Of many a grinding woe.

O Mother Mary ! can thine eyes,
 So full of unshed tears,
 Foresee the scourge, the smart, the cross,
 Hid by the shameful years ?

O Baby-Boy ! what knowest Thou
 Of tried and tempted will !
 Of wrath, hate, scorn, of faithless
 friends,
 Of enemies that kill ?

Ah ! little dream the village folk,
 Upon the hillside brown,
 What wondrous fame their Jesus' name
 Shall bring to Nazareth town. Amen.

244 *Standing by the Cross of Jesus, His Mother.*
 117 (3).

† Jews were wrought to cruel madness,
 Christians fled in fear and sadness,
 Mary stood the cross beside ;
 At its foot her foot she planted,
 By the dreadful scene undaunted,
 Till the gentle Sufferer died.

Poets oft have sung her story,
 Painters decked her brow with glory,
 Priests her name have deified ;
 But no worship, song, or glory
 Touches like that simple story,
 Mary stood the cross beside.

And when under fierce oppression
 Goodness suffers like transgression,
 Christ again is crucified ;
 But if love be there, true hearted,
 By no grief or terror parted
 Mary stands the cross beside. Amen.

245 *Lord have mercy on us. Let Thy merciful kindness comfort me.*

398.

† Holy FATHER hear our crying,
 Hear Thy children sadly sighing,
 Look upon us faint and dying.
 Thou, Whose mercy all beholdeth,
 Thou, Whose might all life upholdeth,
 Even death Thy love enfoldeth.

Thou Who sendest grief to tear us,
 Thou dost only smite to spare us,
 With Thy strong right arm upbear us ;
 Listen, LORD, unto our grieving,
 Turn our thoughts from things deceiving,
 Help and strengthen our believing.

Fast the darkness gathers o'er us,
 Shadows round and death before us,
 LORD, to light and life restore us !
 All alone we ne'er had known Thee,
 Fain in terror would have flown Thee,
 But the Crucified hath shown Thee.

Now unto the heart that breaketh,
Christ, the Resurrection, speaketh,
Christ, Who all men ever seeketh.
He Who on the cross hung dying,
He Who in the tomb was lying,
Lives, and loves, and soothes our sighing.

O'er the storm around us swelling,
Comes His voice the tempest quelling,
Guiding to His heavenly dwelling.

Hear and help us Holy FATHER!
Help us, when the shadows gather!
Help, when sin and sorrow try us!
Help, O God, when death is nigh us!

After toil and storm and strife,
Grant us rest in Christ the Life. Amen.

246*The grass withereth, the flower fadeth.*

289.

- * Days and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within his narrow bed.

Soon our souls to God Who gave them
Will have sped their rapid flight:
Able now by grace to save them,
O, that while we can we might!

FATHER, Infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, O teach us to remember
What we are and whence we came;

Whence we came, and whither wending;
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or the purging fires of woe.

O by Thy power grant, LORD, that we
At our last hour fall not from Thee;
Saved by Thy grace, Thine may we be
All through the days of eternity. Amen.

247 *In My Father's house are many mansions.*

618 (1).

Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travelled o'er
And borne the heavy load:
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach His blest abode:
Thou'rt sleeping now like Lazarus
Upon His FATHER's breast,
Where the wicked &c.

Sin can never taint thee now,
 Nor doubt thy faith assail,
 Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
 And the Holy Spirit fail :
 And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
 Whom on earth thou loved'st best,
 Where the wicked &c.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
 The solemn priest hath said ;
 So we lay the turf above thee now,
 And we seal thy narrow bed.
 But thy spirit, brother, soars away
 Among the faithful blest,
 Where the wicked &c.

And when the LORD shall summon us,
 Whom thou hast left behind,
 May we, untainted by the world,
 As sure a welcome find.
 May each, like thee, depart in peace
 To be a glorious guest,
 Where the wicked &c.

248

The Spirit of the Lord.

Come down ! come down ! O Holy Ghost !^{50.}
 As once of old Thou didst come down
 In fiery tongues at Pentecost,
 The Apostolic heads to crown.
 Come down ! though now no flame divine
 Nor heaven-sent dove our sight amaze ;
 Our Church still shows the outward sign,
 Thou truly givest inward grace.

Come down ! come down ! on infancy,
 The babes whom Jesus deigned to love—
 God give us grace by faith to see
 Above the font the mystic dove.

Come down ! come down ! on kneeling
 bands

Of those who fain would strength receive ;
 And, in the laying on of hands,
 Bless us beyond what we believe.

Come down ! not only on the saint,
 O struggle with the hard of heart,
 With wilful sin and inborn taint,
 Till lust, and wrath, and pride depart.

Come down ! come down ! sweet Comforter !
 It was the promise of the Lord,
 Come down, although we grieve Thee sore,
 Not for our merits—but His word.

Come down ! come down ! not what we
 would,
 But what we need, O, bring with Thee,
 Turn life's sore riddle to our good ;
 A little while, and we shall see. Amen.

BAPTISM.

249 *Be not ashamed, therefore, of the testimony of our
 Lord.* 328.

In token that thou shalt not fear
 Christ crucified to own,
 We print the Cross upon thee here,
 And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high ;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own ;
And may the brow that wears His
Cross
Hereafter share His Crown. Amen.

250*Buried with Him in baptism.*

583.

Around Thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine open grave, we stand,
With hearts all full of gladness,
To keep Thy blest command :
So Thee in faith we follow
And trace Thy path of love
Through the strange solemn waters
Up to the throne above.

Lord Jesus ! we remember
The coldness of Thy tomb—
The silence and the darkness,
The grave clothes in the gloom :
After Thy cross and passion,
The deep sleep came at last ;
O'er the eternal radiance
The mortal shadow passed.
But now Thou art arisen !
Thy travail all is o'er,
Once Thou for sin hast suffered,
And Thou wilt die no more !
Crowned with immortal honour,
Because of that dark bed,
Give us to share Thy triumph,
Thou First-born from the dead ! Amen.

251 *Present your bodies a living sacrifice.* *
588, H. & C. S. 39.

Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, LORD, to Thee,
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my hands and let them move
With the impulse of Thy love ;
Take my feet and let them be,
Swift and ' beautiful ' for Thee.
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King ;
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold ;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou dost choose.

Take my will and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine ;
Take my heart, it is Thine own !
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love, my LORD, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store,
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee. Amen.

252 *Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee
the crown of life.*

223 (2).

Long, long ago, with vows too much forgotten,
The Cross of Christ was sealed upon our
brow ;

Ah, slow of heart, that shun the Christian
conflict

Rise up at last, The accepted time is now.
Soldiers of Jesus, blest who endure ;
Stand in the battle, the victory is sure.

Hark, hark, the Saviour's voice to each is
calling :

I bore the cross of death in pain for thee ;
On thee the cross of daily life is falling,
Children, take up the Cross and follow Me.
Soldiers of Jesus, &c.

Strive as GOD's saints have striven in all
ages,

Press those slow steps where former feet
have trod,

For us their lives adorn the sacred pages,
For them a crown of glory is with GOD.

Soldiers of Jesus, &c.

Peace! Peace! sweet voices bring an ancient
story,

(Such songs angelic melodies employ),
Hard is the strife, but unconceived the glory,
Short is the pain, eternal is the joy.

Soldiers of Jesus, &c.

On! Christian souls, all base temptations
spurning,

Drown coward thoughts in faith's triumph-
ant hymn,

Since Jesus suffered, His blest lesson
learning,

Shall we not toil that we may rest with Him?

Soldiers of Jesus, &c. Amen.

253 *Stand, therefore, having girded your loins with
truth.* 292 (1).

Soldiers! once again enlisted

In the warfare of the LORD,

Put ye on the heavenly armour,

Firmly grasp the Spirit's sword!

Jesse's son, while yet a stripling,

Did the boastful giant slay:

They shall gain the noblest triumph

Who the earliest join the fray.

Travellers ! for the onward journey
Now with seven-fold strength supplied,
Straight before you towers the mountain,
Boldly must ye climb its side :
Say ye not, " What need to hasten ?
" We would linger on the plain "—
They who soonest reach the summit
Shall a longer rest obtain.

Labourers ! leave the idle market,
To the vineyard go with speed ;
Hath not He, the Master, hired you ?
Have ye not with Him agreed ?
Haste ye, ere the heat be fiercer,
Wait ye not a second call ;
May ye point to work completed
When the evening shadows fall !

Athletes ! for the thronged arena
Fresh anointed—take your place !
Let the runner, let the wrestler,
Every nerve and sinew brace !
Press ye t'wards the mark before you,
Charioteers, with straining eyes !
Swerve ye not ! an instant's slackness
May defraud you of the prize.

Christians! in our strengthened natures,
 Lo! there burns the sacred fire :
 May that living power within us
 Noble thoughts and deeds inspire !
 Fighting, journeying, toiling, striving,
 Live we here with hearts on high,
 Till our work for God be ended,
 Till eternity be nigh. Amen.

254

Yea, thou shalt be steadfast.

(Transylvanian, John II. c. 1550 A.D.) 335.

† One only God my lips confess,
 The holy, everlasting LORD,
 Eternal FATHER is His Name,
 Beside Him is no god adored.
 The heaven and earth and sea He made
 By His almighty word alone ;
 Supreme, in dazzling light He reigns,
 The LORD Who sitteth on the Throne.
 The Man Christ Jesus I confess,
 And know no Christ save Him Who
 died,
 Was born for us of Mary blest,
 Upon the cross was crucified.
 Who, though the Son of God most high,
 Man to redeem in pain he toiled,
 He died to take our sins away,
 Although no sin His manhood soiled.
 Therefore hath GOD exalted Him,
 And made Him ruler over all,
 And every spirit, high and low,
 He bids before His feet to fall.

Him all the angels bright attend,
 Him all the holy souls revere,
 Before Him soon shall God arraign
 The deeds done in the body here.

This Jesus crucified I own,
 I never will my Lord deny,
 I trust in Jesus e'en till death,
 I know His love will never die.

For GOD with His blest holy Ghost
 Will guide us on through all our strife,
 I fear not death, for from His hand
 I hope for the eternal life.

LORD GOD of grace, Thy help bestow,
 Increase our faith and save from sin,
 Grant us that we may this believe
 And so the crown of life may win.
 Amen.

ORDINATION.

255

Lo I am with you alway.

B. 620.

†Christ to the young man said: "Yet one
 thing more

If thou wouldst perfect be:—
 Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor,
 And come and follow Me!"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
 Those sacred words hath said,
 And His invisible hands, to-day, have been
 Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way,
 The unseen Christ shall move,
 That he may lean upon His arm, and say,
 "Dost Thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
 To make the scene more fair:
 Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
 Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
 Like the beloved John,
 To lay his head upon his Saviour's breast,
 And thus to journey on. Amen.

256 *Ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries
 of God.*

† O God! Thy children gathered here,
 Thy blessing now await:
 Thy servant, girded for his work,
 Stands at the temple gate!

A holy purpose in his heart
 Has deepened calm, and still:
 Now from his childhood's Nazareth,
 He comes to do Thy will.

O FATHER! keep his soul alive
 To every hope of good;
 And may his life of love proclaim
 Man's truest brotherhood!

O FATHER! keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong;
And in the ear of sin and self
May his rebuke be strong.

And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,
If e'er his faith grow dim,
Then, in the dreary wilderness,
Thine angels strengthen him.

O grant him many hearts to lead
Into Thy perfect rest;
Bless Thou him, FATHER, and his flock:
Bless! and they shall be blest!

Amen.

257 *What, therefore, God hath joined together let not
man put asunder.*

480.

All Wise, All Great, Whose ancient plan
Ordained the woman for the man,
Look down, O LORD, on those who now
Before Thy sacred altar bow.

Almighty Ruler in Whose hand
The morrow and its issues stand,
Whate'er the lot Thy will assign,
We can but kneel: our all is Thine.

Summer and winter, seed and grain,
The joy unhop'd that comes of pain,
The unknown ill that good we call,
Thou in Thy balance metest all.

Throughout their lifelong journey still
 Guide Thou these two in good and ill,
 And whereso'er the way extend,
 Be with them, FATHER, to the end. Amen.

LITANY OF THE HOLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

258

466 (2)

* FATHER with Thy Church abide,
 Be her Saviour, LORD, and Guide,
 While on earth her faith is tried :
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Arms of love around her throw,
 Shield her safe from every foe,
 Comfort her in time of woe :
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

Keep her life and doctrine pure,
 Grant her patience to endure,
 Trusting in Thy promise sure :
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

May her voice be ever clear,
 Warning of a judgment near,
 Telling of a Saviour dear :
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

All her fettered powers release,
 Bid our strife and envy cease,
 Grant the heavenly gift of peace :
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

All that she has lost restore,
May her strength and zeal be more
Than in brightest days of yore :

We beseech Thee, hear us.

May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee :

We beseech Thee, hear us.

May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind :

We beseech Thee, hear us.

Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold :

We beseech Thee, hear us.

May her priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where Thou call'st, to lead :

We beseech Thee, hear us.

Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon,
Bless her works in Thee begun :

We beseech Thee, hear us.

For the past give deeper shame,
Make her jealous for Thy Name,
Kindle zeal's most holy flame :

We beseech Thee, hear us.

Raise her to her calling high,
Let the nations far and nigh
Hear Thy herald's warning cry :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Arm her soldiers with the Cross,
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Fit her all Thy joy to share
In the home Thou dost prepare,
And be ever blessed there :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Amen.

LITANY OF PENITENCE.

259

467 (2).

Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Thou, who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the love so calm and strong,
 Patient still to suffer wrong,
 And our day of grace prolong,
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the love that speaks within,
 Calling us to flee from sin,
 And the joy of goodness win,
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the love that bids Thee spare,
 By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
 By Thy promises to prayer,
 We beseech Thee, hear us,
 Amen.

HOLY COMMUNION.

260

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.

48.

† Come to the Sacred Feast!
 Come for the Saviour's sake!
 With reverent joy let every guest
 The hallowed rite partake.
 Think not 'tis earthly bread,
 Think not 'tis common wine,
 Of the torn frame, the blood once shed,
 Behold the mystic sign!
 Here let the young draw nigh,
 And give life's golden hours
 To Him Who bids eternity
 Expand its roseate bowers.

And here let man's firm tread
 And woman's step of grace
 Approach the Feast of Jesus, spread
 Within the sacred place.

Here let the aged come,
 Who long has served his God,
 Who, calmly hopeful, toward the tomb
 Treads as his Saviour trod.

Blest Jesus be Thou near!
 Thy spirit o'er us reign!
 The perfect love that casts out fear
 In every soul remain! Amen.

261

Abide ye in My love.

610.

When the Pascal evening fell
 Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,
 When around the festal board
 Sate the Apostles with their Lord,
 Then His parting word He said
 Blessed the cup and brake the bread—
 "This whene'er ye do, or see,
 Evermore remember Me."

Years have passed: in every clime,
 Changing with the changing time,
 Varying through a thousand forms—
 Torn by factions, rocked by storms,
 Still the sacred Table spread,
 Flowing cup and broken bread,
 With that parting word agree,
 "Drink and eat: remember Me."

When by treason, doubt, unrest,
Sinks the soul, dismayed, opprest :
When the shadows of the tomb
Close us round with deep'ning gloom,
Then bethink us at that Board
Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,
Who, when tried and grieved as we,
Dying, said, " Remember Me."

When diverging creeds shall learn
Towards their central Source to turn ;
When contending churches tire
Of the earthquake, wind, and fire,—
Here let strife and clamour cease,
At the still small voice of peace :
" May they all united be,
In the FATHER, and in Me."

When in this thanksgiving feast
We would give to God our best,
From the treasures of His might
Seeking life and love and light ;
Then, O Friend of human-kind,
Make us true and firm of mind,
Pure of heart, in spirit free ;
Thus may we remember Thee. Amen.

262

One flock, one Shepherd.

553.

Thou, Who at Thy first Eucharist didst pray
That all Thy Church might be for ever
one,

Grant us at every Eucharist to say
With longing heart and soul, "Thy will
be done,"

O may we all one bread, one body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

For all Thy Church, O Lord, we intercede ;
Make Thou our sad divisions soon to cease ;
Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,
By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of peace ;
Thus may we all, &c.

We pray Thee, too, for wanderers from Thy
fold :

O bring them back, Good Shepherd of the
sheep,
Back to the faith which Saints believed of
old,
Back to the Church which still that faith
doth keep ;

Soon may we all, &c. Amen

263

This do in remembrance of Me.

238.

According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

Thy body broken for my sake,
 My bread from heaven shall be ;
 Thy testamental cup I take,
 And thus remember Thee.
 Gethsamane can I forget ?
 Or there Thy conflict see,
 Thine agony and bloody sweat,
 And not remember Thee ?
 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,
 And rest on Calvary,
 O Lamb of God our Sacrifice !
 I must remember Thee :
 Remember Thee, and all thy pains,
 And all Thy love to me ;
 Yea, while a breath a pulse remains
 Will I remember Thee.
 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
 Jesus remember me. Amen.

264

We have an altar.

322-

†O LORD before Thine altar here we bow,
 True incense of the heart to Thee we
 raise ;
 O may our souls like glittering tapers glow
 In this our sacrifice of prayer and praise.
 O LORD most High, our offering deign to
 bless,
 Commune with us, Thou GOD of righteous-
 ness !

Behold, O LORD, behold we bring to Thee
 The firstfruits of the cornfield and the
 vine,
 Glad 'Eucharist' 'thank offering' may
 it be,
 For all, dear LORD, we have is only Thine!
 The 'unbloody sacrifice' is this we say,
 And on the altar, lo! our hearts we lay.

O Christ! Whose precious death we here
 present,
 By mystic signs Thy body and Thy
 blood,
 Revive the smoking flax, the reed sore bent,
 Be Thou our hungering spirits blessed
 food.
 Thou Who didst die for us that we might
 live,
 Thy grace like life-blood new unto us give.

O loving God we now are one with Thee.
 For Thy dear Son and Thou art one, and
 we
 Are one in Him; O may we ever be
 Unsoiled by sin until Thy face we see.
 Communion sweet! by Thee to heaven we
 mount,
 O'erflowing grace of Christ from God the
 Fount. Amen.

265 *This is My Body . . . this is My Blood.*

477

Bread of the world in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
 By Whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in Whose death our sins are dead :

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed ;
 And be Thy Feast to us the token
 That by Thy grace our souls are fed.
 Amen.

266 *In Thy presence is fullness of joy.*

252 (1).

Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face,
 Here would I touch and handle things
 unseen :

Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal
 grace,
 And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the Bread of God ;
 Here drink with Thee the royal wine of
 heaven ;

Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
 Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song,
 This is the heavenly table spread for me :
 Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
 The brief bright hour of fellowship with
 Thee. Amen.

267 *Ye proclaim the Lord's death till He come.*

333, B. 438 (Transylvanian.).

Son of GOD most blessed,
 Gracious Prince of Peace,
 Man's most sweet Redeemer,
 Sinners' sure release,
 We have here partaken
 At Thy sacred Board,
 Showing forth Thy passion
 To Thine honour, Lord.

Thee our souls have trusted,
 Source of endless grace;
 Thou wilt never fail us
 In the earthly race.
 'Tis the FATHER's pleasure,
 By Thy guidance blest,
 To the land to bring us
 Of eternal rest.

Glory in the highest
 To the only GOD;
 Blessings of the faithful
 On our Saviour Lord.
 Thou Who ever livest
 In Thy FATHER's love,
 Join us in communion
 With the Saints above. Amen.

THE
LITURGY.

The Annual Supplement.

Pray for the Unity of Christ's Church.

Evangelical Catholic Church

Cowley S. John.

Oxford, 1908.

Music references.

A. = Hymns Ancient & Modern, Old edition.

C.H. = Church Hymnary (Scotch).

B. = Bristol Tune Book.

C. = Congregational Church Hymnal.

E.H. = The English Hymnal.

S. = Sacred Songs and Solos.

H.N. = The Hymnal Noted (Novello, 1872).

Cr. = Crown of Jesus Music.

Bridle of colts untamed,
Wing of unwandering birds,
Rudder of truth !

Shepherd of royal lambs !
Thy children call to praise
In pure and holy hymns
Christ, Guide of youth.

King of Saints ! Ruler wise !
The all-subduing Word
Of GOD Most High !

Support in sorrow's hour !
Jesus, firm Curb of wills !
Shepherd, Helm, Husbandman,
Joying for aye !

Of the all-holy flock,
Heavenward Wing ! Fisherman
Mighty to save !

Catching the fishes chaste
With bait of sweetest life
Out of the sea of vice—
Bitterest wave.

Lead on ! O Shepherd true !
Of reason's childlike flock
O holy King !

O footsteps of the Christ !
O Word and heavenly Way,
Light of eternity,
Mercy's good Spring !

Noble the life of those
Who sing to GOD, O Christ
Heavenly Food !

Thy wisdom, sweetest milk
By the fair Bride dispensed,
Gracious and bountiful,
Tenderly good.

For gentle sister Death,
That comes to all who live;
Do Thou our sins forgive,
That death may not alarm us.
And work in us Thy will,
So the second death shall never harm us;
For he that sheltereth
In Thee, shall not perish. Amen.

1003 *I am the bright, the morning star. Cr. p.149*

O Jesus, dull night o'er the Church and the
world
Still broods, and Thy foes flaunt their banners
unfurled;
We eagerly look for Thy light from afar—
The light of Thy rising, Thou bright Morn-
ing Star.

O bright Morning Star,
O bright Morning Star,
The light of Thy rising,
Thou bright Morning Star.

We, tossed on life's ocean, 'mid clouds of
distress,
While tempests are raging our sore need
confess;
Our fancies have failed us, the haven is far,
We crave for Thy guidance, Thou bright
Morning Star.

O bright, &c. We crave, &c.

No power can resist Thee, no darkness
obscure,
The light of Thy love is so perfect and pure,
Thy foes shall adore Thee, no falsehood can
mar
Thy glorified splendour, Thou bright Morn-
ing Star.

O bright, &c.

Dear Shepherd, who laid down Thy life for
the sheep,
And by GOD'S tender mercy Thy flock still
dost keep ;
Defend us from wolves, who our souls would
debar
From the grace of Thy healing, Thou bright
Morning Star.

O bright, &c. The grace, &c.

O Brother most tender, O conquering King,
O suffering Saviour, to Thee will we cling ;
Uplifted on high 'mid life's turmoil and jar,
Draw all men unto Thee, Thou bright Morn-
ing Star.

O bright, &c.

Amen.

V.H.

1004 *I will bless the Lord at all times. Cr.p. 141*

Daily sing to GOD our FATHER,
LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
He hath made us, He doth love us,
His dear children we will be.
Never ending is His mercy,
If we wander, us He'll find,
One Eternal, One Almighty,
Awful Justice, Heart most kind.

Daily, daily sing to Jesus,
Sinless Man at GOD'S right hand ;
Only Master, GOD'S bright image,
In His grace and strength we stand.
Love His Cross ; hear and obey Him,
Sacraments of grace revere,
Call Him Brother, call Him Saviour,
Tender Shepherd ever near.

Daily deeds of love and goodness
 Praise and prayer to GOD ascend,
 In His Church, which feeds and teaches—
 Life and light—our ways to mend.
 One on earth and one in heaven
 Best and purest, we will be,
 Serving faithfully each other,
 Faithful, Christian Church, to thee !
 Amen.

V.H.

1005 *Without blemish and without spot. Cr. p.81*

O Jesus, I could weep for mirth,
 Joy fills my heart so fast,
 My soul to-day is heaven on earth,
 O could the transport last !
 I think of Thee and what Thou art,
 Thy majesty, Thy state !
 And I keep singing in my heart,
 Immaculate ! Immaculate !

When I look up into Thy face,
 My heart with rapture glows,
 And in the Church, by GOD'S dear grace,
 Thy blessed spirit grows.
 I think, &c.

The angels answer with their songs,
 Bright choirs in gleaming rows ;
 And Saints flock round Thy feet in throngs,
 And heaven with bliss o'erflows.
 I think, etc.

It is this thought to-day that lifts
 My happy heart to heaven,
 That for our sakes GOD'S choicest gifts
 To Thee, dear Lord ! were given.
 I think, etc.

O mystery of sinlessness !
Our glory and our shame !
Descending GOD, ascending race,
Shrined in Thy sacred name.
I think, etc

Now GOD the Holy One we bless,
And blessed be His Son,
For first in Thee, through Thee in us,
Are GOD and Man made one.
I think, &c. Amen.

1006 *The patience and faith of the Saints. B.874*

For all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,
Thy name, O JESUS, be for ever blest.
Alleluia !

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and
their Might ;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought
fight ;
Thou, in the darkness drear their one true
Light, Alleluia !

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold
Alleluia.

O blest communion ! fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are
strong. Alleluia !

The golden evening brightens in the west ;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

W.H.

Alleluia !—Amen.

1007 *The Lord is my Rock and my Fortress. B.234*

A safe Stronghold our GOD is still,
A trusty Shield and Weapon ;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That in our days shall happen.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell ;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour ;
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can ;
Full soon we were down-ridden ;
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom GOD Himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same ?
Christ Jesus is His name ;
The LORD Zebaoth's Son ;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore ;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit :
For why ? his doom is writ ;
A word shall quickly slay him..

GOD'S word for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course :
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small ;
These things shall vanish all,
The City of GOD remaineth !

Amen.

M.L.

1008

Thanks be to God.

A. 379

* Now thank we all our GOD,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blest us on our way,
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous GOD
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplex'd,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to GOD
The FATHER now be given,
Through Christ whom He doth send
To lead our souls to Heaven.
The One Eternal GOD,
Whom earth and Heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

O come, Creator Spirit, come,
Visit the minds that are Thine own,
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

O pleading Spirit ! hear our cry !
GOD'S self the gift of GOD most high !
O living fount ! O fire ! O love !
O sweet anointing from above !

Thou in Thy sevenfold gifts art known ;
Thee, finger of GOD'S hand we own ;
The promise of our FATHER Thou !
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love ;
With patience firm and virtue high
The weakness of our flesh supply.

Far from us drive the foe we fear,
And grant us Thy true peace e'en here ;
So we, with Thee before as guide,
Shall shun each ill that might betide.

O may we know the spirit one
Of GOD the FATHER and His Son,
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song :

Glory to Thine eternal merit,
GOD of Jesus, Holy Spirit. Amen.

Tr. V.H.

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.

Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong ;
Therefore give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day ;
Love will ever with us stay,
Therefore give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight,
Hope be emptied in delight,
Love in Heav'n will shine more bright ;
Therefore give us love.

Faith, and hope, and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree ;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best is love. Amen.

C.W.

IOII *Thou sendest forth Thy spirit.* B. 356

Breathe on me, Breath of GOD,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou would'st do.

Breathe on me, Breath of GOD,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of GOD,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity. Amen.

E.H

The faithful men of every land
 Who Christ's own rule obey,
 The holy dead of every time,
 The Church of Christ are they ;

The saints who die and leave us now,
 The good of long ago,
 Women and men, and children young,
 Still living here below ;

Who have the same eternal hope,
 The same unceasing care,
 One universal hymn of praise,
 One general voice of prayer.

Since we are members, then, of Christ,
 How holy should we be !
 How grow in likeness to our Head,
 In truth and purity !

Since we are all made one in Him,
 How gentle should we prove !
 How peaceful in our ways and words !
 How tender in our love.

So shall the spirit of our Lord
 Dwell in His members blest,
 So lead us in His Church on earth,
 Safe to His church at rest. Amen.

C.F.A.

* Jesus, Thou hast willed it,
 That Thy Church should be
 One in faith and spirit,
 Ever one in Thee.
 We the cross are bearing
 Once on Jesus laid,

We the prayer are praying
That our Master prayed.
Jesus, Thou hast willed it,
That Thy Church should be
One in faith and spirit,
Ever one in Thee.

Though the time be distant,
Still we watch and pray,
E'en though faint and weary,
Waiting for the day,
When the Church uniting
In one host shall fight
'Gainst the powers of darkness
In the LORD's own might.
Jesus, Thou hast willed it, etc.

Thou our heavenly Master
Bid contention cease,
Thou our Prince of Salem
Give Thy children peace ;
Peace from GOD the FATHER,
Peace in His dear Son,
Peace from GOD the Spirit,
Ever GOD alone.
Jesus, Thou hast willed it, etc.

When the fight is over,
When the strife is done,
When our cause has conquered,
When the Church is one ;
East and West together,
Joining hand in hand,
Lead Thy people onward
To the pleasant land.
Jesus, Thou hast willed it, etc.

Amen

I was wandering and weary,
When my Saviour came unto me ;
For the ways of sin grew dreary,
And the world had ceased to woo me ;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls ! come near Me ;
My sheep should never fear Me ;
I am the Shepherd true.

At first I would not hearken,
And put off till the morrow ;
But life began to darken,
And I was sick with sorrow ;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls, etc.

At last I stopped to listen,
His voice could not deceive me ;
I saw His kind eyes glisten,
So anxious to relieve me ;
And I thought I heard Him say,
As He came along His way,
O silly souls, etc.

He took me on His shoulder,
And tenderly He kissed me ;
And bade my love be bolder,
And said how He had missed me ;
And I'm sure I heard Him say,
As He went along His way,
O silly souls, etc.

I thought His love would weaken,
As more and more He knew me ;
But it burneth like a beacon,
And its light and heat go through me.

And I ever hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
O silly souls, etc.

Let us do then, dearest brothers,
What will best and longest please us
Follow not the ways of others,
But trust ourselves to Jesus ;
We shall always hear Him say,
As He goes along His way,
F.W.F. O silly souls, etc. Amen.

1015 *My Beloved is mine and I am His.* C. 303

I lift my heart to Thee,
Saviour divine !
For Thou art all to me,
And I am Thine.
Is there on earth a closer bond than this,
That " my Beloved's mine, and I am His ? "

Thine am I by all ties ;
But chiefly Thine,
That through Thy sacrifice
Thou, Lord, art mine.
By Thine own cords of love so sweetly wound
Around me, I to Thee am closely bound.

How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee, or gathered gold,
Or any power ?
Why should I keep one precious thing from
Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear self
for me ?

I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love,
Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove
To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.
Amen.

1016

Be thou faithful unto death.

S. 719

Safe home, safe home in port !
Rent cordage, shattered deck ;
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck :
But oh ! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage-perils o'er !

The prize, the prize secure !
The athlete nearly fell ;
Bore all he could endure,
And bore not always well :
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on !

No more the foe can harm :
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp :
And yet how nearly he had failed,—
How nearly had that foe prevailed !

The lamb is in the fold
In perfect safety penned ;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end :
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

O happy, happy bride !
Thy widowed hours are past.
The Bridegroom at thy side
Thou all His own at last !
The sorrows of thy former cup
In full fruition swallowed up. Amen.

1017

God is Love.

B. 550

GOD is love : His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove !
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens ;
GOD is wisdom, GOD is love.

Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays and ages move ;
But His mercy waneth never ;
GOD is wisdom, GOD is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove ;
From the mist His brightness streameth ;
GOD is wisdom, GOD is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere His glory shineth ;
GOD is wisdom, GOD is love. Amen.

J.B.

1018

God shall wipe away every tear. S. 409

Light after darkness, gain after loss,
Strength after weakness, crown after cross ;
Sweet after bitter, hope after fears,
Home after wandering, praise after tears.

Sheaves after sowing, sun after rain,
Light after mystery, peace after pain ;
Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,
Rest after weariness, sweet rest at last.

Near after distant, gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness, life after tomb ;
After long agony, rapture of bliss ;
Right was the pathway leading to this.

Amen.

1019 *Be courageous, and be valiant.* *B. 570*

In the strength of Christ our Saviour,
In the might of GOD the LORD,
Calmly don the Gospel armour,
Bravely grasp the Spirit's sword.
Set thy face against thy foemen,
Guard the citadel within,
Let no traitor weakness enter,
Fight against the power of sin.

Fight against sin's power within thee,
Rise against its tyranny,
Battle with its power o'er others,
Comrades ! strike for liberty !
Break the chains of foul temptation,
Rend the cords of habit base,
Serve the LORD as Christ's own bondmen,
Freedom in obedience trace.

So the truth shall give you freedom,
Therefore hold ye by the truth,
Hoping, trusting, still believing
In GOD'S tender love and ruth :
Still beholding His pure image
In His well-beloved Son,
Living Truth, Life, Way, and Leader
To the heights which He has won.

He has conquered ! He has conquered
And we follow in His train,
While He gives His life as manna
Bread from heaven vouchsafed again :

Raising faintness, strengthening weakness,
While we cleanse our robes in pain
With the purifying blood-drops
Of the Lamb that hath been slain.

Thus we fight and journey onward
With the faith to saints of old
Once delivered, armed and strengthened,
Cheered, supported and made bold :
Free to love and free to worship,
Free from falsehood, conscience sound
But forever and forever
To our GOD in Jesus bound. Amen.

V.H.

1020 *Giving thanks always for all things in the
 name of our Lord Jesus Christ to God
 even the Father.* A. 303

*When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries
 May Jesus Christ be praised :
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair :
 May GOD on high be praised.

Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell
 May Jesus Christ be praised :
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
 May GOD on high be praised.

My tongue shall never tire,
Of chanting with the choir,
 May Jesus Christ be praised :
The fairest graces spring
In hearts that ever sing,
 May GOD on high be praised.

When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
 May Jesus Christ be praised :
When evil thoughts molest
With this I shield my breast,
 May GOD on high be praised.

Does sadness fill my mind ?
A solace here I find,
 May Jesus Christ be praised :
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this,
 May GOD on high be praised.

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
 May Jesus Christ be praised :
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
 May GOD on high be praised.
Amen.

1021

Come, Lord Jesus.

E.H. 108

Christ, give us Thy living name !
Light, lifting, eternal flame !
Flawless, to all saints the same.
 Christ and King and Lord of all !
Come and light our lamps at Thine,
Be our beacon, Fire divine,
Light our footsteps, blaze and shine,
 Hear and answer when we call !

Christ send us Thy spirit pure !
Crystal clear, salvation sure,
Comfort, while all days endure,
 Peace and rapture to the end.

Hope, when all the best seems lost :
Wealth, which never counts the cost :
Lode-star to the tempest-tost ;
Send Thy saving presence, send !

See ! discordant storms arise,
Night is drawn across the skies,
Thunder rattles, lightning flies,
And our faith is dim and weak.
Speak the word, and calm the blast,
Still the storm, secure the mast,
Steer our boat to land at last,
Speak the word, O Pilot, speak !

Redeemer ! safe upon Thy shore,
Clinging round Thee, we adore,
Re-Creator ! Sweet Saviour !
Brother ! Teacher ! Leader ! Friend !
While we live, no other choice,
While we sing, no other voice,
Song of songs, and joy of joys,
Spare and save us and defend !

Christ, Inspirer, swift descend !
Spent Thyself, teach us to spend
Our life's blood eager for Thy end,
Come, O come, as oft before !
See ! the cloven tongues divide :
See ! the fire spreads far and wide :
Christ, we live again who died ;
Live and love for evermore. Amen.

G.B.

1022 *Puer natus in Bethlehem. 14th Cent. MS.*

A Boy is born in Bethlehem !
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Glad tidings for Jerusalem,
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

And there He lay in manger poor
Whose reign shall last for evermore.

The ox and ass and all the herd,
Knew well that Boy to be the Lord !

And kings from out the East there were,
With gold and frankincense and myrrh.

He lived like us in form and dress,
Without our taint of wickedness.

He came our souls to purify,
And bring us safe to bliss on high.

Therefore let us with one accord,
On this glad Birthday praise the LORD !

Amen.

1023 *This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend.*
MS.

Loud mockers in the roaring street
Say " Christ is crucified again :
Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet,
Twice broken His great heart in vain."
I hear, and to myself I smile,
For Christ is with me all the while.

" No angel now, to roll the stone
From off His unawaking sleep ;
In vain shall Mary watch alone,
In vain the soldiers vigil keep."
Yet while they deem my Lord is dead
My eyes are on His shining head.

" Ah ! never more shall Mary hear
That voice exceeding sweet and low
Within the garden calling clear ;
Her Lord is gone and she must go."
Yet all the while my Lord I meet
In country lane and city street.

“Poor Lazarus shall wait in vain,
And Bartimæus still go blind ;
The healing hem shall ne’er again
Be touched by suffering human-kind.”
Yet all the while I see them rest,
The poor and outcast, on His breast.

“No more unto the stubborn heart
With gentle knocking shall He plead ;
No more the mystic pity start ;
For Christ twice dead is dead indeed.”
So in the street I hear men say,
Yet Christ is with me all the day.

R.L.G.

Amen.

1024 *There was the true Light.*

MS.

In Bethlehem aforetime
Was born a Baby small ;
I choose Him for my Master
To follow Him in all !
In childhood’s simple fashion
He served His parents sweet ;
I bring my toys and treasures
And lay them at His feet !
He wrought for others’ service
With manhood’s skill and art ;
I dedicate, O Master,
Like Thee, my hand and heart !
He won His spirit’s freedom
Through desert-trials of pain ;
Thus may I conquer passion,
And win my life again !
He laid aside His labour
The living seed to sow ;
Thus may I hold th’ eternal
And let the earthly go !

Through all the land, like sunshine
He passed with heart aflame ;
My spirit burns within me
To labour in His name.

He went to death and anguish,
Upheld by faith divine ;
And He will help me, also,
When grief and loss are mine.

He passed to mystic glory
Beyond our mortal sight ;
And some day I shall follow
And find eternal Light. Amen.

E.B.

1025 *The harvest truly is plenteous.* C.H. 496

Now sing we a song for the harvest :

Thanksgiving and honour and praise
For all that the Bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days.

For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the furrow
To delver and husbandman yield.

And thanks for the harvest of beauty,
For that which the hands cannot hold,
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold.

We reap it on mountain and moorland ;
We gleam it from meadow and lea ;
We garner it in from the cloudland ;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

But the song it goes deeper and higher ;
There are harvests the eye cannot see :
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free.

And these have been gathered and garnered,
Some golden with honour and gain,
And some as with heart's blood are ruddy,
The harvests of sorrow and pain.

O Thou who art LORD of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are for ever repeating
Thanksgiving and honour and praise !

Amen.

1026

O come, let us worship.

MS.

(To be sung kneeling.)

GOD is here among us, let us kneel before
Him,

And with heart and voice adore Him.

GOD is present with us, let the heart's own
passion

Cry to Him in silent fashion.

Dare and trust ! From the dust

Lift your hearts terrestrial to His Love
celestial.

GOD is here, who ever hears the mystic
singing

Of the Seraph-choir ringing

Holy ! holy ! holy ! Mystical and Mighty !

Singing ever, they adore Thee.

We also offer, though

Poor we be and lowly, our devotions wholly.

Here we offer truly, if Thou wilt, position,
Talents, strength, and earth-ambition.

Thy will, not our own will, so that we believe
Thee,

So that we, in truth, receive Thee.

Let Thy Light give us sight !

Be to us our dearest, last and first and
nearest !

Thou who seest all things, come with radiance
gleaming,
On my face in glory beaming.
Like the flowers in springtime which, the sun
beholding,
Hasten to a glad unfolding,
So I stand to Thy hand,
For Thy beams to warm me, for Thy will to
form me.

Make me clear and simple, filled with life
unbounded,
With a garth of peace surrounded.
Let me be pure-hearted, Thy great truth
perceiving :
Make me fit for its receiving.
Heart arise to the skies !
Seek Thy Maker solely, living in Him wholly.

LORD of all creation, might I rightly praise
Thee,
In my spirit's shrine upraise Thee !
Might I, as the angels, ever stand before
Thee,
Seeing, face to face, adore Thee !
Be my power from this hour :
Passionate endeavour in Thy service ever !

Tr.E.B.

Amen.

1027 *En dies est Dominica.* H.N. p. 185

The Sunday Morn again is here,
That all the faithful must revere,
For on this day, the eighth and first,
Our rising Lord death's fetters burst.

And by His flock hath Christ declared,
His resurrection must be shared :
For we, who trust in Him to save,
Have risen with Him and left the grave.

We, one and all, of Him possess,
Are made most rich, are made most blest :
For all He did, and all He bare,
He gave us as our own to share.

Eternal rest, a home on high,
A blessed immortality,
And peace and gladness, and a throne,
Are all His gifts, and all our own.

And therefore kept must Sunday be
In these things' pious memory,
That Christian men to heart may lay
Why this is called the Lord's own day.

Ruler of times, GOD ever blest,
The heart's true peace and very rest !
Thy love we praise, Thy Name adore
Both on this day and evermore. Amen.

1028

Peace, be still.

MS.

*Hush ! 'tis the Vesper hour
 Sunlight has crept away,
Closes its cup the flower,
 Ends the swift-passing day.
Hush ! 'tis the hour of prayer,
 Stars from the heavens peep ;
Under the Angels' care,
 Nature is hushed in sleep.
Hush ! for the sacred bells
 Call us to praise and prayer ;
Now the glad organ swells
 Out on the evening air.
Hush ! for the chanted psalm
 Sweetly and softly falls,
Breathing a holy calm
 Over the sacred walls.

Hushed is the Altar-Throne,
Where GOD'S own Manna lies ;
Where Jesus feeds His own
In His own Sacrifice.

Jesus our King is there,
There where His children meet,
Lifting their hearts in prayer,
Gathered around His feet.

Hush ! the last whispered word
Lingers,—the last notes cease,
Jesus, unseen, unheard
Gives us His word of peace.

Hush ! 'tis the hour of rest,
Night falls upon the hills,
Hush ! for the silence blest
All hearts and voices stills. Amen.

Fr. I.

1029

A. 164

Believing, ye rejoice greatly with joy unspeakable.

Strong Son of GOD, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou :
Our wills are ours, we know not how :
Our wills are ours to make them Thine.

We have but faith: we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see,
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before. Amen.
A.T.

1030 *The Lord is good to all.* B. 382

For common gifts we bless Thee, LORD--
The hearing ear, the eye to see,
Beauty for ever round us poured
In sweet and varied ministry.

We bless Thee for the wholesome air,
For showers that fall and suns that warm,
For darkness, and the truce to care
Sleep brings with many a soothing charm

For gentle courtesies of life,
For dear communion, friend with friend,
Those hours with sacred meaning rife
When love looks to no earthly end.

We yield Thee praise for sovereign power
That steadies us o'er gulfs of pain;
Shall we forget Thee in the hour
That leads us back to peace again?

Let not our gratitude delay
Till good withheld constrains the prayer,
Give clearer vision that we may
Hold common blessings as if rare. Amen.
C.M.P.

1031 *Jesus also was bidden.* E.H. 93

Dear Friend! whose presence in the house,
Whose gracious word benign,
Could once, at Cana's wedding-feast,
Change water into wine,—

·Come, visit us, and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and make us see
Life's water glow as wine.

·Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hope's shall grow divine,
When Jesus visits us to turn
Life's water into wine.

The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
·Shall glow with angel-visits when
The Lord pours out the wine.

For when self-seeking turns to love,
Which knows not mine and thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water changed to wine. Amen.

J.F.C.

1032 *Master, I will follow Thee.* B. 595

Just as I am, Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me,
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore, to Thee I come.

Just as I am, young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy, to make me bold ;
But dearer still my faith to hold ;
For my whole life, I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down ;
O Master, Lord, I come. Amen.

M.F.

1033 *I am the Good Shepherd.* E.H. 645

Jesus is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear ;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear ?
Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead,—
To the thirsty desert
Or the dewy mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd :
Well we know His voice ;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice !
Even when He chideth,
Tender is its tone ;
None but He shall guide us ;
We are His alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd :
Guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven,
None can do us harm ;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb. Amen.

O shining city of our GOD,
And shall we see thee here—
Thy pearly gates and golden streets?
It doth not yet appear.

O healing tree of twelfefold fruit!
O river pure and clear!
And shall we touch, and shall we taste?
It doth not yet appear.

O crowned and white-robed choir on high,
Our elder brethren dear!
And shall we blend our songs with yours?
It doth not yet appear.

O rainbow throne! O court of heaven!
And are ye truly so?
Or signs of things we cannot yet
In faintest semblance know?

For Thine appearing, Lord, I wait:
Be this enough for me,
If I may see Thee as Thou art,
And then be like to Thee! Amen.

J.E.

When for me the silent oar
Parts the silent river,
And I stand upon the shore
Of the strange forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere

At life's inner portal?—
What is holiest below
Must for ever live and grow.

He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain,
Closer when we meet again.

Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river :
Death, thy hastening oar I know ;
Bear me, thou life-giver !
Through the waters to the shore
Where mine own have gone before.

L.L.

Amen.

1036 *Willing rather to be absent from the body,
and to be at home with the Lord.* B. 448

Why be afraid of Death
As though your life were breath ?
Death but anoints the eyes
With clay, O glad surprise !
Why should you be forlorn ?
Death only husks the corn ;
Why should you fear to meet
The thresher of the wheat ?

Is sleep a thing to dread ?
Yet sleeping you are dead
Till you awake and rise,
Here, or beyond the skies !
Why should it be a wrench
To leave your wooden bench ?
Why not with happy shout
Run home when school is out ?

Why be afraid of Death
 As though your life were breath ?
 Death but anoints the eyes
 With clay, O glad surprise !
 This is the death of Death,
 To breath away a breath,
 And know the end of strife,
 And taste the deathless life.
 The dear ones left behind—
 O foolish one and blind !
 A day, and you will meet ;
 A night, and you will greet
 And joy without a fear,
 And smile without a tear,
 And work, nor care to rest
 And find the last the best. Amen.

1037 *His mercy endureth for ever.* A. 24 ⁽¹⁾

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;
 That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When GOD hath made the pile complete ;
 That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.
 Behold, we know not anything ;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.
Amen.

Annee Christe. Bf. 11th cent.

(For the Festival of a Saint)

*Hear us, O blessed Christ, 'Thou Lord of
ages, hear !

We plead by *him* whose noble deeds to Thee
were dear,

That from those sins which in Thy sight
most grievous be

We may be cleansed by *his* prayers offered
through Thee.

Redeemer ! save Thy work, Thy noble work
of grace,

Sealed with the holy light that beameth from
Thy face :

Nor suffer them to fall to demons' wiles a prey
For whom 'Thou didst on earth death's costly
ransom pay.

Pity Thy flock, enthralled by sin's captivity :
Forgive each guilty soul and set the fettered
free :

And those Thou hast redeemed with Thine
own precious blood,

Grant to rejoice with Thee, Thou Monarch
kind and good.

O Jesus, Saviour blest, and gracious Lord, to
Thee

All glory, virtue, power, and laud and em-
pire be :

With the Eternal Spirit high upon the throne,
Whom, in Thee manifest, we worship, GOD
alone. Amen.

1039 *Lift up the hands that hang down. E.H. 559*

O patient Christ ! when long ago, [*omit ls. 5,6*]
O'er old Judea's rugged hills,
Thy willing feet went to and fro,
To find and comfort human ills,
Did once Thy tender, earnest eyes,
Look down the solemn centuries,
And see the smallness of our lives ?

Souls struggling for the victory,
And Martyrs finding death was gain,
Souls turning from the Truth and Thee,
And falling deep in sin and pain :
Great heights and depths were surely seen,
But Oh ! the dreary waste between—
Small lives, not base, perhaps, but mean ;

Their selfish efforts for the right,
Or cowardice that keeps from sin—
Content to only see the height
That nobler souls will toil to win !
Oh, shame to think Thine eyes should see
The souls contented thus to be—
The lives too small to take in Thee !

Lord, let this thought awake our shame,
That blessed shame that stings to life,
Rouse us to live for Thy dear name—
Arm us with courage for the strife.
O Christ ! be patient with us still ;
Dear Christ ! remember Calvary's hill—
Our little lives with purpose fill ! Amen.

M.D.

1040

Cleanse me.

E.H. 652

One thing I of the LORD desire—
For all my way hath miry been—
Be it by water or by fire,
O make me clean.

If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be ;
But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me.

Yea, only as the heart is clean,
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirrored in its depths are seen
The things divine.

So wash Thou me, without, within ;
Or purge with fire, if that must be :
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me. Amen.

1041 *The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God ; and they that hear shall live. E.H. 401*

Conqueror of Death ! Thy mighty voice
Calls from the graves the sleeping dead :
In that glad sound would I rejoice,
And lift with theirs my fallen head.

Life without love, I find, is death ;
Love is not love which loves not Thee ;
Both love and life flow from Thy breath,
Breathe Thou both life and love in me !

Thy sacrifice upon the Cross
Has shown the omnipotence of love ;
True life we gain through Thy life's loss,
Through Thy descent we rise above.
T.H. Amen.

1042 *Ye shall find rest unto your souls. B. 539*

Amid the din of earthly strife,
Amid the busy crowd,
The whispers of eternal life
Are lost in clamours loud ;

When lo ! I find a healing balm,
The world grows dim to me ;
My spirit rests in sudden calm
With Christ in Galilee !

I linger near Him in the throng,
And listen to His voice ;
I feel my weary soul grow strong,
My saddened heart rejoice.
Amid the storms that darkly frown
I hear His whisper sweet,
And lay my heavy burden down
At His beloved feet.

My vision swiftly fades away,
The world is round me still ;
But Jesus seems with me to stay,
His promise to fulfil.
And toil and duty sweeter seem
While He abides with me :
My heart is rested by my dream
Of Christ in Galilee. Amen.

H.W.H.

1043

I am with thee.

B. 864

Sometimes I catch sweet glimpses of His face;
But that is all. •
Sometimes He looks on me and seems to
But that is all. [smile ;
Sometimes I think I hear His loving voice
Upon me call.

And is this all He meant when thus He
" Come unto Me ? " [spoke—
Is there no deeper, more enduring rest
In Him for thee ?
Is there no steadier light for thee in Him ?
O come and see.

O come and see ! O look, and look again ;
 All shall be right ;
 O taste His love, and see that it is good,
 Thou child of night.
 O trust thou, trust thou in His grace and
 power ;
 Then all is bright. Amen.

1044 *The secret of the Lord is with them that*
 fear Him. E.H. 68

If this world's friends might see but once
 What some poor man may often feel,
 Glory and gold and crowns and thrones
 They soon would quit, and learn to kneel.

Dear, secret greenness ! nurst below
 Tempests and winds and winter nights,
 Vex not, that but One sees thee grow :
 That One made all these lesser lights.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
 At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb :
 Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch,
 Till the white-winged reapers come.
 H.V. Amen.

1045 *He that hath the Son hath life.* S. 716

O, the bitter shame and sorrow,
 That a time could ever be
 When I let the Saviour's pity
 Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
 " All of self, and none of Thee ! "

Yet He found me ; I beheld Him
 Bleeding on the accursed tree ;
 Heard Him pray : " Forgive them, FATHER ! "
 And my wistful heart said faintly,
 " Some of self and some of Thee ! "

Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free ;
Sweet and strong, and ah ! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
" Less of self, and more of Thee ! "

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered ;
Grant me now my soul's petition—
" None of self and all of Thee ! " Amen.
T.M.

1046 *Consider Him that hath endured.* E.H. 167

Sign of a glorious life afar,
The holy Cross with joy we take,
Sign of a peace strife could not mar,
Sign of a faith death could not shake.

It tells how Truth once crucified
Now throned in majesty doth reign ;
How Love is blessed and glorified,
That once on earth was mocked and slain.

Up, children of the Cross ! and dare
Follow where Jesus goes before ;
Be strong to take, be strong to bear,
For love and right the Cross He bore.

L.A.G., Amen.

1047 *Vexilla Regis.* E.H. 94

The Royal Banners forward go ;
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow ;
Where the Creative Spirit showed
How Sinless Flesh could bear sin's load.

Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To wash us in that cleansing flood
Where mingled water flowed, and blood.

Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old ;
GOD'S strength in weakness nations see,
Through Him He reigneth from the Tree.

O Tree of beauty, Tree of light,
O Tree with royal purple dight,
Elect on whose triumphant breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest ;
On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung ;
The price of human kind to pay,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey !

O Cross, our one reliance, hail !
So may thy power with us avail
To give new virtue to the saint,
And pardon to the penitent.

To Thee Most High, the Mighty One,
By spirits all be homage done :
Whom by the mystery of the Cross
Thou savest, ever turn from loss. Amen.

1048 *The Son of God, who loved me, B. 760*
 and gave Himself up for me.

O Day of holy sorrow !
O Day of solemn rest !
Before the Cross of Jesus
The penitent is blest.
Look on us, suffering Saviour
And draw us unto Thee :
Thy patient love hath power
To set sin's captive free.

O cruel were the nail-wounds !
O heartless was the scorn,
The mocking of the soldiers,
The crown of twisted thorn !

But from that crown a radiance
For evermore doth shine
More bright than gold or jewel,
Because that crown is Thine !

O Jesus ! Thou art gazing
With dim and drooping eyes
Upon Thy wavering servant
Who here before Thee lies.
“ Behold,” Thy silence speaketh,
“ My offering full and free ;
This have I done for thy sake,
What doest thou for Me ? ”

Jesus ! my all I offer,
My service, sufferings, love,
My hands, my mind and reason
To work for GOD above ;
And do Thou, dearest Saviour,
Increase my meagre store
Of powers so weak and scanty
To serve Thee more and more.

v.H.

Amen.

1049

He raised up Christ.

Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen and man cannot die ;
Vain were the terrors that gathered around
Him,
And short the dominion of death and the
grave ;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that
bound Him.
Resplendent in glory to live and to save,
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
“ The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not
die.”

Glory to GOD in full anthems of joy ;
 The being He gave us death cannot destroy ;
 Sad were the life we must part with to-
 morrow,
 If tears were our birth-right, and death were
 our end ;
 But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of
 sorrow,
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
 Lift then, your voices, in triumph, on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die !
 H.W.j. Amen.

1050 *While He blessed them He parted* *M.S.*
 from them.

Heaven's gates eternal, open wide your bars,
 See, the King returning from his earthly
 wars !
 Who is this with piercéd feet and flag un-
 furled ?
 He is Love incarnate, Saviour of the world.
 Alleluia !

Open, heavenly Princes, open wide your
 gates !
 See the King of glory stands without and
 waits !
 Who is He, this conqueror, who claims this
 right ?
 He is Lord, the Mighty, Victor in the fight !
 O you happy, happy folk, rejoice and sing !
 Send aloft your pæans to our Lord and King
 Who for us in servant's guise, His soul con-
 fined :
 Victor now forever, Saviour of mankind !

In a mighty rush of song and praises sweet
Rises He in glory to His FATHER's feet.
He who on the Cross, forsaken hung alone
Now is Love triumphant, heaven for His
throne.

Open heart of man and put away your pride,
Sing His praises, who for men has lived and
died !

Open lips and praise Him with your mortal
breath,
Who for us and all men conquered sin and
death !

Open hearts a thousand doors, to Love and
Life !

Banish, for immortal joy, your sin and strife !
Then, when deathly shadows on our foot-
steps win,

Gates of Life Eternal, open, let us in !

Tr. E.B

Amen.

1051

"Tantum ergo." B. 201 *rep.* 1, 2.

*Bow we then in veneration
Of the Sacrament of might,
Ancient forms resign their station
To our newer Gospel rite,
Faith supplies with adoration
All defects of touch or sight.

Unbegotten and Begotten,
Praise the FATHER in the Son,
Praise for glad salvation gotten,
And the spirit ever one ;
Honour, blessing, unforgotten
While unending ages run. Amen.

O Saving Victim, opening wide
The gate of Heaven to man below.
Our foes press on from every side,
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.

To Thee, O GOD, let praise ascend
In Christ and endless glory be :
O grant us life that shall not end
In our true native land with Thee. Amen.

1053 *He was known by them in the breaking of bread.* Cr.p. 242

Hail to Thee, Jesus ! sweetest Redeemer !
Though our eyes are holden, we feel Thee
 near us,
Son of GOD, and Son of Man !
Uphold the falling, Saviour dear !

Hungry, thirsting, faint we came unto Thee,
Temple of the FATHER, Light from Light
 Eternal !

Now we are filled and now we are strength-
 ened,

Never leave us, Shepherd true ! Amen.

V.H.

*By Christ redeemed, in Christ restored,
We keep the memory adored,
And show the death of our dear Lord,
 Until He come !

His body, broken for our need,
Is here in this memorial bread
And so our feeble love is fed,
 Until He come !

His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see ;
The wine shall tell the mystery,
 Until He come !

And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite,
By one blest train of loving rite,
 Until He come !

Until He come ! The heavens grow bright,
His sign appears to love's clear sight,
At last, in perfect rule of right
 The Lord shall come !

O blessed hope ! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But strong in faith, in patience wait,
 Until He come ! Amen.

1055

Christ, who is our Life.

B. 480

O Bread to pilgrims given,
O food that angels eat,
O manna sent from Heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet !
Give us, for Thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled ;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled.

O water, life bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art !
O, let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage !
Thy sweetness never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

Jesus, this feast receiving,
 We Thee unseen adore ;
 Thy faithful word believing,
 We take—and doubt no more ;
 Give us, Thou true and loving,
 On earth to live in Thee ;
 Then, death the veil removing,
 Thy glorious face to see ! Amen.

T.A.

1056 *He that eateth Me, he also shall live because of Me . . . It is the spirit that quickeneth ; the flesh profiteth nothing.—S. John vi., 57, 63.* L. 16

O JESUS, Bread of Life,
 Thou ' Corn of Gladness,'
 Thou cup of GOD's own Wine,
 Dispelling sadness.
 We have been ' eating Thee,'
 Now in Thee living,
 Body, soul, and spirit,
 To Thee we're giving.

Thou art the ' Children's Bread '
 Prepared in Heaven ;
 Thou art the ' Wine of GOD,'
 To children given.
 And now in peaceful joy
 We have been tasting
 Angels' Bread to aid us,
 To Zion hasting.

O Lord, the road is long
 The way is weary,
 And all our pilgrimage
 Would be so dreary,

But for Thy Sacrament,
In which Thou hidest,
Coming as our Shepherd,
Thou feedest, guidest.

So there we sweetly rest
Beside Thine altar,
Lest, Jesus, dearest Lord,
Weary we falter.

Now strong in Thy great might
We'll march to glory,
Be it joyous summer
Or winter hoary.

Amen.

Fr. I.

1057

Adoro Te devote.

C. 387 MS.

Humbly I adore Thee, veiled divinity,
Who in lowliest symbols hidden now I see;
Thee my heart beholding, meekly prostrate
lies

Tranced, in vision mystic with the spirit's eyes.

On the cross was hidden Thy divinity,
Here is also hidden Thy humanity;
But in both believing, and confessing, Lord,
Ask I what the dying thief of Thee implored.

Thy sweet wounds like Thomas though I
cannot see

His be my confession, "GOD Revealed," of
Thee,

Lord, my faith unfeigned evermore increase,
Give me hope unfading, love that cannot
cease.

O memorial wondrous of the Saviour's death,
Living Bread that givest man the Living
Breath,

Grant my spirit ever by Thy Life may live
To my taste Thy sweetness never failing give.

Pellican, self-wounding ! Jesus blessed Lord !
Cleanse me, all uncleanly, with Thy precious
 blood ;
Blood whereof one drop which Thou didst
 then outpour,
Can from all transgressions the whole world
 restore.

Jesus, whom now veiled we by faith behold
What my spirit thirsts for do not, Lord,
 withhold,
That Thy face unveiled I at last may see,
Blesséd with the vision, glorious LORD, of
 Thee. Amen.

Tr. V.H.

1058

E.H. 315

*I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also
that is of a contrite and humble spirit.*

*FATHER GOD in Jesus,
 GOD of might and power,
Thou Thyself art dwelling
 In us at this hour.

Out beyond the shining
 Of the furthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
 Infinitely far.

Yet the hearts of children
 Hold what worlds cannot,
And the GOD of wonders
 Loves the lowly spot.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
 Thou art in us now ;
Fill us full of goodness
 Till our hearts o'erflow.

Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere.

Ah! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
We must wait for heaven:
Then the day will come.

F.W.F.

Amen.

1059

Lo, I am with you alway. Cr. p. 223

I rise from dreams of time,
And an Angel guides my feet,
To the sacred altar-throne,
Where Jesus' heart doth beat.

The lone lamp softly burns,
And a wondrous silence reigns,
Only with a low, still voice
The Holy One complains.

"Long, long I've waited here,
And though thou heed'st not Me
The heart of GOD'S own Son
Beats ever on for thee."

In the womb of Mary meek
In the cradle, on the Tree,
Heart of pure undying love,
It lived, loved, bled for me.

Ever pleading day and night,
Thou canst not from us part;
O veiled and wondrous Son!
O love of the sacred heart!

Amen.

R.S.

I love the Church of GOD, the holy, guiding
light,
On the path our fathers trod, forever shining
bright.
The Church where Saint and sage have found
in every clime
Rest on their pilgrimage, in many a weary
time.

Her everlasting fanes, built up with holy skill
Where she in beauty reigns, all earth with
glories fill.
The ark of GOD is there, shrine of the King
of kings,
Where children bent in prayer are screened
by angels' wings.

• Come to the Church of GOD, the house
wherein is laid
• The blooming mystic Rod for which the
Prophets prayed,
Her priests have power divine to feed the
chosen flock,
By apostolic line linked to S. Peter's rock.

Her daily sacrifice on holy altars spread
Ascendeth to the skies for the living and the
dead,
Her lamp burns sevenfold with oil sent from
above—
Its rays are living gold, the sacraments of
love.

Her fair monastic band, in robes of purest
white,
Shine on the darkened land, a lamp of quench-
less light.
Her children of the lyre, with burning seraph
tongue
And breath of living fire, still wake the rap-
tured song.

The noble sons of art, along her pathway cast
Gifts of the hand and heart now as in ages
past.
Oh ! follow ye the Bride upon her journey
blest,
For Jesus is her Guide and leadeth her to
rest. Amen.

1061

Behold, thy Mother.

E.H. 35

Behold the handmaid of the LORD,
Our Mother Mary, meek and mild !
O GOD according to Thy word
She bared her bosom undefiled.
O GOD according to Thy will
She gave her own as spouse to be.
O GOD Thy spirit hers did fill,
Thus pregnant with Thy Deity.

Ye daughters of the dance and song,
Whose hearts are from the altar far,
Your glad gifts let the temple throng
And hail the beams of Bethlehem's star ;
There in your breasts by GOD, adored
Shall Christ be born—the Holy Child ;
Behold the handmaid of the LORD,
Our Mother Mary, meek and mild !

G. By.

Amen.

Gabriel to Mary went,
A mighty message bare he ;
Deep in awe the maiden bent
To hear the first Hail Mary.
He spoke as soft as summer air :
" Hail ! first among the pure and fair !
Thou undefiled
Shalt bear a Child
All glorious :
Salvation is through Him :
By thee He comes victorious,
O Queen of Seraphim."

[" How shall this befall ? " she quoth,
" For man hath never known me.
Can I break my plighted troth
That none but GOD should own me ? "
The Angel said : " O Maid believe,
The Holy Ghost shall this achieve.
So be not sad,
But wholly glad,
For surely
Thy maidenhood so white
Shall shine for ever purely
By GOD'S especial might."]

Here the Maid of noble blood
Spoke out in answer lowly :
" I am but the slave of GOD
Omnipotent and holy.
To thee O high ambassador
On whom such secrets He doth pour,
I do consent
Right well content
To hold me

For ever by His word.
O Gabriel ! behold me
The Handmaid of the LORD ! ”

Blessed Mother of our Lord
Who to their peace sublimely
Men and angels hast restored
When Christ was born so timely :
Implore the High and Holy One
Through intercession of thy Son
Our love to urge
Our sins to purge
Right willing
To send us exiles strength,
Deathless life instilling,
To bring us home at length. Amen.

1063 *Freely ye have received, freely give. A. 365*

O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all ?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare ;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gavs't Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessed One
Thou givest all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of Heav'n
FATHER, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all ?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, LORD, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give ;
O may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all. Amen.

c.w.



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